

BRITANNIA

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To-morrow's Cup Final: An Aerial View of Wembley Stadium.

AS the climax to a football season, which has been full of thrills and unexpected happenings, there comes the Final of the Football Association Cup competition. To-morrow all good and true footballers will take the wide road which leads to Wembley and the stadium, where the teams from Portsmouth and Bolton will engage in battle for the coveted trophy which is the blue riband of the football world.

Unfortunately Wembley Stadium, large as it is, has but limited accommodation and not a tithe of those who would like to see the match will be able to do so. All the tickets were sold weeks ago and those who go to

Wembley "on spec." will be doomed to disappointment for no tickets are sold at the gates.

To-morrow London will be invaded—mainly by the men and women of Bolton and Portsmouth, but also by excursionists from all parts of the country. Sight-seeing will be the order of the day from an early hour until the great trek to Wembley begins. All roads lead to Wembley and its stadium to-morrow, and hundreds of special trains will run to the stations in the neighbourhood of the stadium.

According to the majority of the prophets the match is "a good thing"

for Bolton Wanderers, but the unexpected has happened in the past, and may well happen again, and the men of Portsmouth are by no means dismayed at their prospects. Victory may well be in store for the team which can best adapt itself to the electric conditions which invariably prevail in a Cup Final match. The very tenseness of the situation has been known to upset the form of some of the best fighting teams with hardened and experienced players in their ranks. It is not necessarily the best side that wins the Cup; often it is the team which best adapts itself to the unusual conditions.

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Mr. SNOWDEN:

War and Peace

Mr. Snowden's policy would throw the Continent back into a maelstrom of jealous anxieties. Currencies would depreciate, the markets of the world would be flooded with artificially cheapened goods; there would be renewed military preparations throughout the Continent. Thus, as usual, the Labour Party's policy would lead to the very results, which it claims a mission to prevent, namely, Unemployment and War.

*By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead,
P.C., G.C.S.I., D.L.*

of Mr. Churchill's admirably devised and expounded Budget. How otherwise can Mr. Snowden's insistence that the removal of the tax on tea made this a "Bribery Budget" be reconciled with, first, his own statement (by no means accurate) that "not one of the leading Tory newspapers was in the least enthusiastic about the right hon. gentleman's budget," and, secondly, with his declaration that, had he been continued in office a few years ago, he would himself have abolished the tax upon tea.

These curious aberrations of Mr. Snowden's mentality need not, however, be taken too seriously. He is not a speaker who is ever likely to persuade anybody but his own supporters. A much more important feature of his speech was his reference to the question of war debts.

A Dangerous Doctrine.

MR. SNOWDEN made a very peculiar remark. "If it had not been for British help, financial and human," he said, "France would not have been an independent country to-day." This is surely one of the oddest statements ever made by a man who was a Pacifist during the war, who allied himself with Mr. MacDonald and other opponents of our entrance into the war, and who contributed nothing towards winning it.

It is always satisfactory to observe the repentance of a sinner; Mr. Snowden's tribute, though belated, to the effect and necessity of our participation in the war, is noteworthy. Or does he, perhaps, hate our French allies so much that he regrets our having come to their assistance?

Now I must refer to Mr. Snowden's most remarkable utterance in his Budget criticism. After a general snarl at the settlements for debt-funding and repayments with America and our debtor countries, Mr. Snowden said:

Perhaps the worst feature of all in the agreements which the right hon. gentleman had made was that if ever we got more from these annuities and German reparations than our payments to the United States we had to reduce the amount of the annuities to be received from our Continental debtors. He had never subscribed, let it be remembered, to the principle of the Balfour Note, which he thought was an infamous Note.
MR. CHURCHILL: The Labour Party?

I HAVE pointed out before that one of the most curious features of the Bolshevik régime in Russia is the manner in which the results of its every official policy have been precisely the opposite to that intended. The Bolsheviks promised the Russian people peace; fighting continued in Russia for at least three years longer than in the rest of Europe. They promised relief from the privations of the war period; starvation has reigned ever since in Russia to a degree unprecedented in its history. They promised liberty; never has tyranny, personal, political, and literary, so oppressed a civilised people.

Our Perverse Socialists.

I AM beginning to wonder whether this trait of perversity is confined only to the Bolsheviks. Is not a great deal of evidence for a similar phenomenon to be seen in the programmes of our own Socialists in this country? That the fact has not already been made plain is doubtless due largely to the fact that our Socialists have not yet enjoyed a sufficient degree of power to put their programme into practice. Yet, when I read Mr. Philip Snowden's speech in the Budget Debate, and examine the principal tenets of the party to which he belongs, it seems obvious that only opportunity is lacking for the Socialists of England to prove themselves as perverse, if not as deliberately bloodthirsty, as the Bolsheviks of Russia.

For example, before I touch on Mr. Snowden's remarks on the Budget, let me say a word about the proposals of his party for the reduction of unemployment. It is well known that the official view of the Labour Party (though, strangely enough, Mr. Snowden is understood not wholly to accept it) is that the only fundamental cure for our unemployment is the nationalisation of industry. I do not propose to set out here all the unanswerable proofs of the failure of

nationalisation in practice, but merely to ask one immediate question. Suppose the Labour party is returned to power, pledged (as it is) to take immediate steps towards the nationalisation of our industries, will not the immediate effect be that employers must of necessity reduce their commitments, minimise their risks, and husband their resources by closing down any branch of their enterprises which is not certain to bring in a large and immediate return? This being so, can anything but widespread unemployment result?

Thus, in relation to the most pressing problem of the day, we find our Socialists committed to a scheme which must inevitably make far worse the very evil it is intended to cure.

Mr. Snowden a Bitter Man.

TURN now to Mr. Snowden. He is intellectually the outstanding figure in the Socialist party. He is perhaps the only one of its leaders who has shown, either in or out of office, the slightest capacity for appreciating the serious problems of statesmanship. It is universally conceded that at the Treasury he made himself respected both in Parliament and amongst his subordinates as an able and industrious Chancellor. That the weakness of the Ministry of which he was a member, in that it was a minority Government, prevented the introduction of projects too blatantly Socialist, may perhaps have contributed towards his high reputation.

But there are strange dark places in Mr. Snowden's political mind. A natural acridity stains all his public views. He is a bitter man, more bitter perhaps today, at the zenith of his career, than ever in the less prosperous years which have passed. I speak, of course, only of his political views and their expression. In private life he has charm and toleration.

This unfortunate tendency seems to have carried him away in his criticism

Mr. SNOWDEN: The Labour Party certainly did not, and they would hold themselves open, if the circumstances arose, to repudiate the conditions of that Note.

Mr. CHURCHILL: I am sorry to interrupt the right hon. gentleman, but that is a very serious expression, because the principles of the Balfour Note have been embodied in the agreements which have been made between us and France and between us and Italy. I think it is a very dangerous thing for the right hon. gentleman, who tells us that he has high expectations of holding high office in the future, to utter a word like that in regard to engagements which have been definitely entered into between this country and foreign countries. (Labour cries of "He's telling the truth.") It might endanger, I may say, the payments which are even now being made and on which we are counting this year.

Mr. SNOWDEN: Does the right hon. gentleman then maintain that an agreement which is made by a Government supported by a party which happens to have a temporary majority in the House of Commons commits every other party in the State to the confirmation and the acceptance of that agreement in the future?

It is notorious that on the following day Mr. MacDonald endeavoured, with a gelatinous slab of his usual non-committal oratory, to minimise the significance of Mr. Snowden's statement. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, however, speaking for the Conservative Party—and Mr. Runciman for the Liberals—made clear their dissatisfaction with Mr. Snowden's proposals for repudiation. And, indeed, a more dangerous doctrine was never preached at a more dangerous moment.

Results of Repudiation.

AS Sir Laming Worthington-Evans pointed out, the Balfour Declaration, by which we undertook not to claim more from our Allies than we have arranged to pay America, is the backbone of the policy by which we have led the way to the reconstruction of Europe after the War.

It is perfectly true that, as Mr. Snowden pointed out, France has not yet ratified her settlement with us; but, at the same time, France is paying, and will continue to pay. Mr. Snowden must know enough about French politics to understand that her Ministers do not always find it convenient to justify their works to their own supporters. This is possibly because French party leaders, like our own Labour leaders, are accustomed to claim a closer affinity with the left wing of public opinion than they really feel.

If Mr. Snowden's statement is to be believed, the Socialist Party is pledged to repudiate our agreement with France as soon as it is returned to power. This will, on consideration, doubtless deter many voters from supporting its candidates at the forthcoming election. For, if there is one thing more than all others likely to upset the convalescent condition of Europe, it is such a policy as Mr. Snowden has suddenly announced.

Repudiation would inevitably sap the

spirit of mutual forbearance and co-operation which Sir Austen Chamberlain consolidated at Locarno. It would throw back the Continent once again into a maelstrom of jealous anxieties. Once again we should see currencies depreciate; a flood of artificially cheapened goods would flow into the markets of the world to compete with our own. The effect for England would be, first, increased unemployment; and, secondly, the prospect of renewed military preparations throughout the Continent. Thus, as usual, the Labour Party's policy would lead to the very results which it claims a mission to prevent, namely, unemployment and war.

The Way to War.

I NEVER knew a party, not even the pre-war Radicals, who talked so much

war than even a creature so bellicose as the Kaiser could have done in ten years.

Nor, indeed, is the war and peace perversity of the Socialists confined to foreign affairs. At a time when every responsible statesman in the other parties is striving, though not all by the same means, to restore the prosperity of the nation, and, as an essential preliminary, to encourage friendly co-operation between employers and employed, the Labour Party is reviving, for election purposes, the discredited slogans of the Class War. In every manifesto issued by any Socialist candidate which I have yet seen, there is a marked insistence on the necessity of setting "worker" against "master," and of repealing the Trades Disputes Act, which, to the universal relief of all intelligent men in the



At the Treasury in 1924 Mr. Snowden showed a capacity for appreciating the serious problems of statesmanship, and made himself respected as an able and industrious Chancellor of the Exchequer.

about Peace, and did so much to cause War, as the Socialist Party to-day. Only a week or two ago the Independent Labour Party, under the inspiring John Bull presidency of Mr. James Maxton, pledged its members to refuse all credits for the forces of the Crown. If there is a better way to provoke a war than to leave oneself completely defenceless, I have yet to learn of it. And immediately after this fantastic episode we find Mr. Snowden in the House of Commons laying down, as his own and his Party's view, that the financial arrangements we have made in Europe should be repudiated, thus doing more in one minute to cause

country, finally removed the danger of that most noxious manifestation of the class-war, the General Strike.

It is high time that the Socialists cleared their minds of cant, and definitely confessed that, whatever the ultimate ideals which they claim to serve, the one definite outcome of their policy is to render possible the maximum of hostility between the nations of Europe, and, at home, to rekindle the embers of the war of classes.

The Socialist Party, prating of peace, promises us, with absolute certainty, the horrors of war both abroad and at home.

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

~ A Critical Survey of Current Events ~

Gallipoli: The Truth.

I HAVE just finished reading the first volume of the official History of Gallipoli which was published yesterday. It is quite the best of the military histories, and the best of all the war histories if we except Sir Julian Corbett's brilliant volumes on the naval operations, a series which is now being completed by Sir Henry Newbolt. Of course, there is little new to tell about Gallipoli; what is interesting is to be told officially what we all thought.

Though, naturally, a little reading between the lines is necessary, it is quite definitely established that the real cause of the first failure was bad staff work and inelastic instructions. The fault of the staff work was the failure to keep the communication with the different detached parties, and the instructions were faulty because they did not make clear to the leaders of these parties that once on shore they must co-operate with each other on their own initiative.

In the result we had the tragic spectacle of the landing parties on the toe of the peninsula being held up all day long while the two flanking parties at S and Y beaches remained inactive, when by moving against the rear of the Turks they could have made history.

Reparations.

I AM not one of the pessimists who despair of the settlement of the Reparations problem. The German offer is, of course, little more than half of the Allies' demands, but who expected it to be more. Obviously, whatever figure Dr. Schacht had put forward would automatically fix the minimum possible figure at a higher level, since, in the process of bargaining, both sides must give way if honour is to be satisfied.

Mr. Philip Snowden's outburst will in all probability make a settlement more difficult, for it will almost certainly stiffen the French, while it will not materially affect the German attitude. I fear, however, that those who thought that the Labour Party's rather childish piece of wobbling over the "Repudiation" of agreements and understandings will prove another "red letter" are mistaken.

English public opinion has never approved the American debt settlement and though the hostility of the Liberal and Labour leaders towards France is happily quite unrepresentative of thoughtful opinion, no one can be enthusiastic over the very generous settlement which Mr. Winston Churchill made with a country as prosperous as France has proved to be.

If the general policy of the Balfour Note has not aroused any volume of discontent, it is only because the English never really expected to get anything out of Reparations and indemnities, and made up their minds long

ago to cut their loss. The mood of 1918 passed ten years ago, but if we are content to-day to accept small mercies, we are not so enthusiastic about them as to object strongly to Mr. Snowden's outburst of irritation. It was a blunder, but it was not a crime.

Literary M.P.'s.

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON, who has just published her first novel, is the first woman M.P. to have done so, as up to the present literary ladies do not seem to be attracted into practical politics. The list of literary M.P.'s is not now a very extensive one, despite the fact that one would think literature an admirable subsidiary profession. The literary efforts of most Members are mostly confined to journalism which is less exacting, gives them a wider platform, and is much better paid.

Colonel John Buchan heads the present list of parliamentary novelists, but Compton Mackenzie is a noteworthy aspirant. His party—the Scottish Nationalists—is rich in literary talent (for its size), for it also includes Mr. Cunninghame Grahame, not that I should presume to describe that gallant and almost legendary figure as a mere litterateur. Another prominent literary man who may be found in the House after the next election is Mr. Philip Guedalla;

past inhabitants are Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and Mr. A. E. W. Mason.

But to Mr. Winston Churchill belongs the supreme distinction of being, to-day, the only "double first" whose fame is equally secure as a writer and a statesman.

Double Firsts.

THE number of great writers who have succeeded in politics is extraordinarily small, and Disraeli and Mr. Winston Churchill are almost unique among them in carrying into politics no handicap of academic qualities. John Morley, though the passage of time made him an elder statesman, was always a little remote from the House of Commons. Oddly enough, he was at his best (politically) on the platform.

Lord Macaulay was another historian who was anything but a popular figure in either House. The most curious instance of all is Edmund Burke, the greatest political writer

in English and the greatest of orators, if the written record be the test. But his most famous orations bored the House, and he never held high office. If he had done so, English political history would have been different, because he would have made a bad minister and would have depreciated the influence of his writings and speeches.

Oxford in New Clothes.

WANDERING round Oxford yesterday I was shocked at the appearance of "Peck," the famous inner quadrangle of Christ Church which is, or at any rate used to be, the most "aristocratic" quarter of the House and was certainly not the least beautiful. Now it has been entirely re-faced and looks like any of those new stone buildings which are being put up in London every day. The renovation was essential, as the original stone was absolutely worn away. The shock was to find how much of the beauty that it used to possess was due to lights and shades which time and weather had given, and how little to the architecture itself.

Mr. Harry Preston.

THE news that Mr. Harry Preston has sold the Royal York Hotel will be more than a shock to the hundreds of us who have enjoyed his boundless hospitality. One consolation is that the transaction should enable him to take a more generous measure of rest than he usually allows himself.

Knowing him, however, I don't fancy that anything will keep him inactive. It is, of course, unthinkable that he will leave Brighton. The Town Council could never let him go.



The victorious M.C.C. Team Home Again. Harold Larwood (left) and Maurice Tate, two of England's star bowlers, look out for the white cliffs of Dover from the deck of the Channel Steamer.



A Declaration of War. The Gipsies' Defence League is stoutly opposing the orders of the Lords of the Manor of Epsom Downs barring gipsies from the Downs. Lady Eleanor Smith, Lord Birkenhead's daughter and one of the chief organisers of the league, discusses matters with some gipsy mothers.

Broadcasting and Oratory.

IT may be rash to question the judgment of so practised an orator as Mr. Lloyd George, but, nevertheless, I cannot agree with him that broadcasting will lead to a revival of oratory. It is true that a good many people who would not take the trouble to go to the Albert Hall to hear a cabinet minister may go to the length of pressing a switch and listening to him in their own drawing rooms, but against this we must put the overwhelmingly larger number of people who would be careful not to turn on the wireless if a full length political speech were being offered.

The plain fact is that interest in politics is decaying, and interest in political oratory—the only kind left to us, as religious oratory is even more moribund—can only decline with its subject. Men flocked to hear Mr. Gladstone not primarily because he was a greater orator than Mr. Baldwin, but because they were interested in what he had to say.

But even if it were true that broadcast political speeches could succeed in interesting more people in politics, it does not follow that the level of oratory would be raised. For the orator must have human emotions to work on; his argument is only his raw material. And a microphone has no emotions: from it arise none of those waves of feeling, sympathy or antipathy, stimulus or irritant, which turn speech into oratory. Anyone who has ever tried serious public speaking will confirm this. But perhaps the perfervid Celtic imagination of the creator of so many sunrises can rise above the cold insentient mechanism. But I am surprised at his dictum all the same.

The Butler Report.

IT is gratifying to see that the Butler Committee's report on the native Indian states does recognise the paramount factors in the situation—the anxiety of the Indian princes that their personal relationship to the British Raj shall not be dissipated by any intermediary appointed for political reasons, and that their sovereignty within the agreed limits shall not be imperilled by the encroachments of an immature democracy. For it cannot be too plainly and too frequently stated that what

passes in this country for the voice and the will of the Indian people is nothing but the windy rhetoric of a handful of Bengali lawyers drunk with the rhythms of all the *philosophes* from Rousseau and John Stuart Mill down to Karl Marx (not that there is much rhythm in the very unreadable doctrinaire).

India, like Russia before the war, is haggard by a professional intelligentsia—

people without roots or responsibilities who churn words in the void and can never implement deeds. We already have one example in Europe of what happens when they try to do so: we do not want another within the confines of our own Empire.

Whatever accusation of alien usurpation the Hindu agitator may make against the British, he cannot overlook that native princes, many of them of ancient and unbroken lineage, rule personally over millions of his fellow countrymen. And the native princes, whatever changes of reaction and obscurantism may be brought against them by the progressives, have at least the technique of ruling.

Having this, they prefer the suzerainty of the British Raj to the imperfect and conflicting accents of the voice of the people. No maharajah is quite so simple as to mistake this for the voice of God. It is not the voice of God nor is it the real voice of the people—only the talk of agitators.



Last week Mr. Baldwin outlined the policy of the Conservative Party at a meeting at Drury Lane Theatre, when members of the Cabinet and prospective candidates were present. Behind Mr. Baldwin is Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, Chairman of the Conservative Party.

The Passing of Monte.

I SEE that the profits of the Monte Carlo Casino for the past year are stated to be over £80,000 less than those for the year preceding. The competition from the casinos of Cannes, Nice, St. Raphael, etc., is given as the reason, but it is really, I think, only another indication that the great days of Monte Carlo are over.

When I was last there, a year ago, the preposterous little township seemed to be even then acquiring a slightly legendary air. One felt that the frothy domes of the casino were approaching the twilight of oblivion which has fallen over the equally meretricious domes of the Brighton pavilion, once the Monte Carlo of the "first gentleman of Europe."

To the Victorians, securely entrenched in their solid mansions, and to the Edwardians in the process of emancipating themselves from them, Monte Carlo must have offered in kind the fairy tale quality that the Trianons once offered Marie Antoinette. A rather garish and vulgar kind of fairy tale, but a fairy tale *quand même*. But for us, who have seen London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna develop into one vast Monte Carlo of ornate hotels and expensive and unsophisticated amusement, the original has come to be either despised or eclipsed, according to taste. You do not have to go to Monte Carlo to find the genus Hotel Splendide, the difficulty for most of us is to go where you cannot find it.

An Echo.

DONINGTON HALL, Leicestershire, where the German officer prisoners used to be housed during the war, has just been sold and will be once more occupied as a residence. The controversy aroused by certain acts of courtesy and generosity towards the inmates by members of English society who had happened to be acquainted with them is one of the uglier reminiscences of the war, although I very much question whether there was any real popular indignation.

It was interesting to see that the old conception of cultivated European society as an integral whole, no matter whether the components found themselves in opposite camps or not, had still survived in an England fed for ten years by the cheapest conceptions of insular patriotism and demagogic philosophy. But sections of the Press and the music hall comedians had a great chance, and they took it. And at least, there was no ill-feeling in Mr. Nelson Keys's incomparable Herman.

Peaceful Penetration.

THE Mexican president is reported to have announced an anti-drink campaign, in which he invites the co-operation of all political and social organisations in the country. He states, however, that it is intended to make Mexico sober by peaceful propaganda only and not by force. It would seem, therefore, that the President regards a Mexico without drink with less enthusiasm than a Mexico without religion.



Outward bound for Egypt. The 1st Battalion of the Welsh Guards left London last week for the Near East and are seen leaving Chelsea Barracks after the Prince of Wales had taken the salute.



An epoch in modern journalism

On Friday, May 3rd will be published the first number of the most beautiful, witty and well-informed magazine British journalism has yet produced.

The new illustrated monthly journal—"Britannia & Eve" is its name—combines the informed authority of "Britannia" with the leadership in all things feminine of "Eve," which will cease to be published in its present form. Altogether there are over 120 editorial pages of pictures, in colour and black and white, stories, articles—all from the hands of world-famous men and women. The first number will also announce a

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THE FIRST NUMBER

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BRITANNIA & EVE 1/- MONTHLY

Out on Friday
May 3

WILL WOMEN VOTE?

By EDGAR MIDDLETON

(Prospective Liberal Candidate for East Islington).

Women do not yet realise the power they can exercise during the General Election. Among voters, they now enjoy a majority over men. Our contributor believes that not more than fifty per cent. of women will trouble to go to the polls.

ON the first of next month will take place one of the most important, if not the most important event in our political history. There will be published the new register of electors, which includes the names of roughly six million new women voters, who have been added to the electorate as a result of the Flapper's, or what officially is known as the Representation of the People (Equal Franchise Bill). The addition of this six million will bring the number of women voters in this country up to 14,500,000. And it will give women a clear majority over men of two and a half million!

Equal franchise, as it is called, is by no means a new idea. Men and women already vote alike in Australia, Canada, the Irish Free State, and certain other parts of the British Empire; also in sixteen foreign countries, including Russia, Germany, and the United States. How is it that Great Britain, the mother of all Parliaments, did not grant women equal rights with men till over a hundred years later?

BEGINNING OF THE MOVEMENT.

THERE is a popular idea to-day that the Votes for Women movement did not start until the early years of the present century. That is far from being the case. It goes back nearly a hundred years before the Pankhursts first appeared upon the scene.

It started in the late eighteenth century with the publication of Mary Wollstonecraft's book, "The Vindication of the Rights of Woman." The book provoked an outburst. Its distinguished author was insulted publicly by indignant readers, mostly of her own sex. In 1832, the Great Reform Bill was passed to extend the franchise with certain minor qualifications to every person over twenty-one. But when, almost at the last moment, it was discovered that this implied women equally with men, the word male was hurriedly inserted. And an attempt thirty-five years later to remedy this injustice that was made by John Stuart Mill, the eminent economist, met with overwhelming defeat. But by 1869 women had so far succeeded in their object as to win the right to vote in municipal elections.

Again there was a lapse of many years. Then, with the formation of the Women's Social and Political Union in 1905, the matter passed into the hands of the Pankhursts, one of the most remarkable families of women in history. There was Mrs. Pank-

hurst, the acknowledged leader, and her two daughters, Christabel and Sylvia.

It was the Pankhursts who, taking the precedent of history for their guide, first realised that no really important reform in this country hitherto had been accomplished without resort to violence of some kind or another.

EFFECTS OF THE WAR.

THEN came the War, and with it the suffragette movement faded away as formerly it had blazed suddenly into existence. Loyally to a woman they volunteered their services to the country. And this, together with the valuable assistance that they were able to render, was responsible for influencing a conference of the Members of both Houses in October, 1916, to vote in favour of a Reform Bill to grant women suffrage.

The Bill passed through the House of Commons in December, 1917, becoming law in February of the following year. But even now, due to the fear of women outnumbering men, so many of whom had been killed in the War, the vote only was granted to women over thirty years of age. It was not until eleven years after that women finally were put on a footing of equality with men.

In the meantime women M.P.'s had begun to appear on the scene at Westminster. The first woman member actually to be elected was Countess Machewitz, the notorious Sinn Féin. She, however, never took her seat in the House of Commons. The next woman to follow her there was Lady Astor, who was returned by the Sutton division of Plymouth in 1918, and who has held that seat ever since. Mrs. Wintringham, the next woman to join her, did so in somewhat tragic circumstances. Mrs. Wintringham's husband was Liberal M.P. for Louth. On his sudden death in 1921 his widow courageously decided to contest the seat in his stead and was returned by a handsome majority. In the present House of Commons there are no fewer than ten women M.P.'s, four of whom are Conservative, one Liberal and five Labour.

It was not until 1924 that the subject of the woman voter came up in the House of Commons again. Then Mr. Baldwin made the historic announcement that the Government intended to grant women equal rights with men. Even now, however, final victory was not assured. Somehow or other women's fight for equal rights seemed fated to end as it had begun, in a blaze of controversy and of opposition. The immediate result of Mr. Baldwin's announcement was to provoke



Mr. Edgar Middleton, prospective Liberal candidate for East Islington.

one of the greatest Press controversies of modern times. But, eventually, on July 2nd, 1928, by a strange irony of fate on the same day that Mrs. Pankhurst, the great suffragette leader, was buried, the Equal Franchise Bill received Royal Assent. After a hundred years woman had won the right to vote on equal terms with a man.

PROBLEM OF THEIR VOTES.

OF the 6,000,000 new women voters that the Bill has added to the electorate, some 1½ millions are between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five, and

two millions are over thirty. The "under thirties," according to the latest Registrar-General's return, include 1,500,000 widows or women not employed, 400,000 domestic servants, 420,000 professional and business women and clerks, and 590,000 factory and other workers.

Every woman of over twenty-one to-day is entitled to a vote, provided that she is neither a criminal nor a certified lunatic, and has either resided in or occupied business premises of the yearly value of not less than £10 in a constituency from September 1st to December 1st of last year.

WOMEN TO BE CONSIDERED.

HOW woman will vote or whether she will take the trouble to vote at all is another matter. In this respect it must be remembered that there are two distinct types of women to be considered. They are the business woman and the housewife. So far as one can ascertain the average business woman is too much occupied with her new-found freedom to bother much about politics. The housewife, on the other hand, is concerned only in so far as the matter touches child-welfare or her pocket in the shape of either rent, rates or prices. But, even she, judging from the results of municipal politics, is not sufficiently interested to take the trouble to vote.

Expert opinion on this subject is sharply divided. In one quarter it is felt that most of these new votes will go to the Socialists. On the other hand, electioneering agents, perhaps the shrewdest judges of all, are of the opinion that women, for the most part, will vote the same way as their husbands or their fathers. And among women themselves there seems to be a decided suggestion that they will vote for personality rather than for policy.

The only guide to the problem is what happened when women over thirty first exercised their right to vote at the election of 1918. Then only a very small proportion of them troubled to vote at all. Will this happen again this time? Who can say? But one thing is certain. There will be no sex war. Experience in those countries where equal franchise has already been tried out shows that women have never voted as a sex. On the other hand they have distributed their votes among the various parties exactly in the same way as the men. And the same thing will happen here. If there is any upheaval it will not be due to the influx of these 6,000,000 new women voters. Indeed it is doubtful whether more than 50 per cent. of them will bother to vote.

Life in the Modern Navy

By
"Taffrail"

(Commander Taprell Dorling,
D.S.O., R.N.)

Flinty ship's biscuits and salt beef and pork, crackling with brine, have gone for ever from the Navy's dietary, and at no period of history has the well-being of the men been so carefully studied

IT is difficult for seamen who left the Royal Navy even so recently as five or six years ago to realise the enormous strides that have recently been made in the general habitability of men-of-war. A certain degree of discomfort must always exist in craft like sloops, destroyers and submarines, which, by reason of their comparatively small size, are peculiarly liable to the vicissitudes of the weather, and have little space available for such amenities as recreation and reading rooms, bookstalls, barber's shops and the like. However accustomed one may become to it, life in submarines at sea in heavy weather must represent the acme of physical discomfort.

COMFORT AFLOAT.

THE discomfort, however, is officially recognised, and for it officers and men receive extra pay at rates which are not ungenerous. Destroyers, too, though sizeable craft of over 1,000 tons, can be remarkably lively in gales of wind, though those modern craft like the *Amazon* and *Ambuscade* completed in 1926, together with the destroyers now being built, represent a tremendous advance upon their predecessors. They have higher freeboard with better cabins and living spaces for their officers and men, are provided with punkah-louvre induced ventilation to make them more habitable at sea and in hot weather, and are fitted with refrigerators capable of holding about three weeks' fresh provisions. The day of destroyer sailors living on preserved food after 48 hours at sea will soon be a thing of the past.

At no period in the history of the Navy has the comfort and well-being of the men been more carefully studied than it is now, and nowhere are the results of this study more evident than in our most modern battleships, the *Nelson* and *Rodney*. The mess-decks are particularly airy and well lit, and have side-scuttles which can be left open in all but the worst weather at sea. There is a constant supply of hot water for the making of tea and coffee, and large reading and recreation rooms for the use of the men.

The petty officers have messes of their own, two having billiard tables, and all living spaces are spotlessly clean, with corticene-covered decks, well-scrubbed wooden tables and stools, and brightly polished mess kettles and utensils. The

men no longer keep their clothes in bags, but in aluminium lockers.

MESSING SYSTEMS.

NO coal is used on board the *Nelson* except in the blacksmith's forge, the cooking galleys throughout the ship being oil-fired, and the warming being done by electricity. Another innovation is the installation of loud-speakers in every compartment and living space for the transmission of orders and bugle calls. It is only necessary for a boatswain's mate or bugler to proceed to a central position on the upper deck, and to operate the necessary switches, for his piped order or bugle to be heard all over the ship.

The *Nelson* and *Rodney* bristle with newfangled fittings and appliances. Their very anatomy is different from that of any vessels which have gone before, and it is no easy matter to find one's way about. To those outside the Navy, however, probably the most interesting feature of life aboard modern men-of-war is the system of messing.

In years gone by it was the custom of the Service for each mess of from 16 to 20 men to draw its stated allowance of raw provisions, every member taking his turn to act as "cook of the mess" with the duty of "making" the meal, taking it to the galley when prepared, and retrieving it when cooked. As few men were really expert at the work the results were monotonous and often unpalatable, while the system involved a good deal of unnecessary waste.

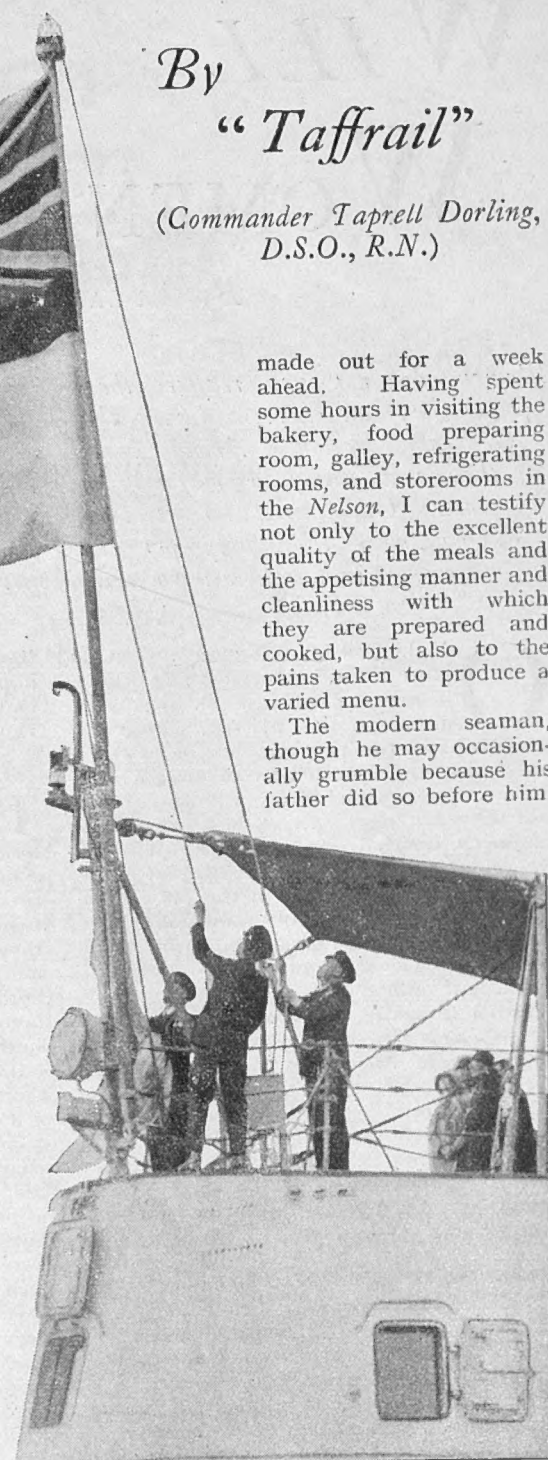
The officers make their own messing arrangements through their messman or steward, and supplement the Service allowance by private contribution. The ship's company, however, are messed by the Paymaster Commander and his staff for the sum of 1s. 4½d. a day per man, though, if the men desire to do so, they may buy additional little luxuries from the canteen maintained on board by the "N.A.A.F.I."—otherwise the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes. The canteen, it should be said, is not permitted to retail articles of food already kept on board as Service provisions.

NINETY DAYS' RATIONS.

IN the general mess system in vogue every man in the ship receives precisely similar food for each meal, the menus being

made out for a week ahead. Having spent some hours in visiting the bakery, food preparing room, galley, refrigerating rooms, and storerooms in the *Nelson*, I can testify not only to the excellent quality of the meals and the appetising manner and cleanliness with which they are prepared and cooked, but also to the pains taken to produce a varied menu.

The modern seaman, though he may occasionally grumble because his father did so before him,



and because he says he cannot exercise his individual choice, is fed in a manner which would have been considered impossible not so very many years ago. Flinty ship's biscuit and salt beef and pork, crackling with brine, have gone for ever from his dietary.

To all intents and purposes, "General Messing" has now become universal in the larger vessels. Under this régime the sum of 1s. 4½d. a day for every kind of officer and man is allowed by the Admiralty instead of rations in kind, stocks of what are known to us as Service provisions—fresh meat, vegetables, sugar—indeed, all staple food-stuffs—being maintained on board for purchase at contract rates.

Deep down in the bottom of the ship I saw the huge refrigerating rooms with the frost thick upon their pipes. Maintained at a constant temperature of 22 deg. below freezing, one accommodates the 20 odd tons of fresh beef and mutton embarked at a time and required for sixty days' consumption

at the rate of 750 lb. a day, and the other 38 tons of such perishables as bacon, pork, veal, liver and sausages.

On the deck above are two storerooms for the 66 tons of flour used in four months, together with another store for the use of the canteen. Two immense holds, one of them not inaptly named "the cathedral," contain at full stowage 70 tons of the multitudinous foodstuffs necessary for four months' consumption. They vary in quantity and description from 23 tons of sugar in 220 bags, 11½ tons of tinned milk in 737 cases, 5 tons of preserved meat, 3½ tons of salt, and the same quantity of peas, 3 tons of tea, 2½ tons of slab chocolate and the same amount of jam and marmalade, to a beggarly 6 cwt. of raisins and 2 cwt. of pepper. Of potatoes, kept elsewhere, some 13 tons are consumed in 21 days.

Except for fresh meat, which must be replenished every two months, the ship is self-contained as regards food for 90 days. Twelve men, under the direction of a petty officer, are employed each day from 6 a.m. until 4 p.m. in supplying galley and bakery with their requirements. Apart from canteen stores, I calculate that no less than 102½ tons of food are handled and disposed of in one month.

THE "OCTOPOIDAL STRUCTURE."

ONE particularly interesting point is that rum, which has been in use in the Navy since about the middle of the 18th century, is steadily losing its popularity. The Service allowance is one-eighth pint to every man over the age of 20, the spirit being issued neat to petty officers and diluted to ratings. Of the 1,106 men on board the *Nelson* eligible for the rum ration, however, no fewer than 731, or 66 per cent., elect to draw its cash equivalent of 3d. a day.

At the same time the consumption of tea is increasing, not merely during meals, but also during the ten minutes "stand easy" in the middle of the forenoon and afternoon, when the various mess-decks are crowded with men brewing and drinking their favourite tipple. The boiling water laid on to each living space in the ship no doubt

encourages the homely habit.

The bakery and galley in the *Nelson* are situated on the upper deck level within the superstructure beneath the towering erection known as the "Octopoidal Structure," which contains bridges, chart-houses, sea cabins and certain fire control positions. With their size, white tiled floors, shining metal-work, cleanliness, and everything in the way of labour-saving devices that ingenuity can suggest, they have caused many a British housewife to exclaim with envy.

The bakery has its electric dough-mixer, where the flour, yeast, salt, and water are mingled before being placed in huge wooden bins to rise. The mixture next goes into tins, which are placed in two electrically-heated ovens fronted with shining aluminium. Maintained automatically at a constant temperature, each oven bakes 132 3 lb. loaves in about 70 minutes. The baking staff consists of four men whose day starts at 2 a.m., their daily output being 1,600 lb. of bread when the ship is at sea, and some 400 lb. less in harbour when a proportion of the men may be on leave ashore during the afternoon. To this may be added a weekly quota of 1,400 lb. of slab cake and the excellent breakfast and luncheon rolls used daily in the officers' messes.

A FLOATING VILLAGE SHOP.

THE galley staff comprises 21 cooks, the raw food first going to a room



Since the middle of the 18th century an issue of rum has been issued to the men of the Navy. Rum is, however, not so popular as it was a generation ago, the equivalent, of 3d. per day, being preferred.

where it is cut up and prepared for cooking. The preparing room is equipped with bacon cutter, mincer, and electric potato peeler, and in the galley next door are three oil-fired cooking ranges, three steam cookers, three boilers for heating the water laid on to every mess-deck, and a large steamer for heating soup or coffee. The cooked food goes down in lifts to two lobbies on the decks below, where it is kept in steam chests until served out to the messes, each mess of about 20 men having its own locker.

It is fascinating to watch the preparation of huge quantities of food under these ideal conditions. Rather more

than a quarter of a ton of beef, 6½ cwt. of cabbage, and the same quantity of potatoes are dealt with for a single dinner.

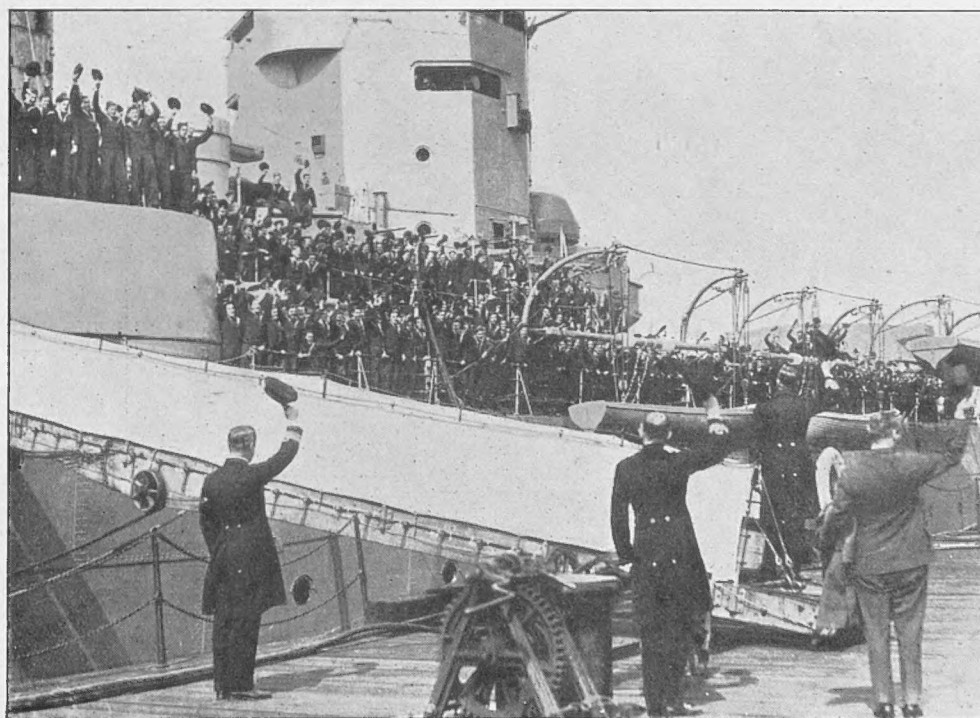
The canteen maintained by the N.A.A.F.I. corresponds to a village shop on a large scale. It purveys everything imaginable, from writing pads to brilliantine, from duty-free cigarettes to soap and tooth paste, besides carrying on a large trade in minor food luxuries. Cooked ham and fresh butter are especially popular, while oranges in due season are disposed of at the rate of 2,000 a day. As much as £28 a week is spent at the soda fountain in fruit drinks at 1d. a glass.

Cigarettes are bought at the rate of 350,000 a month, while 1½ tons of chocolate, half a ton of toffee, a quarter of a ton of "liquorice all sorts," and 600 gross boxes of matches have to be laid in for a three months' cruise. A proportion of the canteen profits comes back to the ship and is devoted to the hire of films for the cinema, the purchase of sports gear, and any charitable purpose, at the discretion of the men themselves.

In the paymaster's clothing store men replenish their wardrobes with any garment they may require. To reduce clerical labour and to encourage economy, all transactions are carried out on a cash basis, the monthly turnover being in the neighbourhood of £600. Ready-made uniform clothing may be bought if desired, but most men prefer to buy the raw serge and have it made up to their own measurements by the tailors on board.

The old-fashioned, strong tobacco in the leaf is still purchasable, and has to be damped, wrapped in canvas, and tightly sewn over with spun-yarn before being cut off inch by inch as required for use, but it is only used by a few of the older men, for pipe-smoking is not so popular as it was. One lb. of tobacco ready cut up in tins is available each month to every man over 18 at 2s. 2d. per lb.

Considering all these amenities, together with the barber's shop and the bookstall, the reading rooms, periodical cinema shows, regular games, good pay and prospects, and the personal friendly interest of their officers, I am of opinion that they are by no means the fools of families who elect to go to sea on the lower decks of His Majesty's vessels of war.



The crew of H.M.S. "Nelson" cheer Admiral Sir Hubert Brand when he relinquished his command of the Atlantic Fleet in favour of Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield.

This is the last issue of "BRITANNIA" as a weekly paper . . . Next week we look forward to meeting our readers again, but in a new and more attractive form.

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The cover of the first issue

See page 718 of this issue
for the "All-Star" Contents of the first Number

A Story by Marguerite Steen

Of how a negro was brought from the cotton-fields of the South to New York, and how he got big ideas which eventually caused his downfall.

NIGGER'S PROGRESS

Illustrations by Dudley Cowes

"**S**AY," said Levi Meyer to his friend Moses Inchbaum, on the telephone. "I wanna nigger."
"Sure," answered Moses. "I gotta fine nigger—plenty of 'em. Step right round and take your pick."

"Nope," said Levi. "I don' want none of your Haarlem nigger—all full up of Fifth Avenoo an' Paul Robeson an' dope. I wanna real, simple, plain nigger."

"Hell," replied Moses Inchbaum, "you'll not gettem in this State. You better go down to the cottonfields yourself an' choose your own line. But, say," he added, coaxingly, because business was bad, "cain't you find no use for a reel, hundred-per-cent, above-proof nigger, wears a dress suit, knows the Charleston and the ukelele, guar'nteed to recite Tennyson at petting parties and' talk reel Paris French?"

"Keep him," advised Levi, and went down on the cotton-fields.

And the result was—Bat Taliaferro.

HE was slounging on the barbecue when Levi found him, pensively chewing an orange the size

of a small melon—six feet odd of slow, jet-black nigger, with Mississippi mud running in his veins, one would have said, in place of normal blood.

Tulliver, they called him, in that indolent climate where superfluous syllables are summarily dealt with; and "Bat" on account of certain nocturnal activities, chiefly directed against the chicken runs and wild turkey preserves of wealthier neighbours. In the South, Tulliver—or Taliaferro—is a name to conjure with: Bat's title to it was nebulous.

There was a legend of a white grandfather, but here, it is probable, Bat's grandmother lied, or got confused. Still, Tulliver was a grand, a governing name to bear. It set Bat a little apart from his fellows, who believed in its authenticity no less implicitly than did Bat himself. "A great, hulking, idle nigger," his boss called him, and Bat took it as a compliment, smiling from ear to ear.

His was the loose and lolling grace of a young animal; he had no desires, save to lie in the sun, and to get drunk. And Bat drunk was a formidable proposition. Liquor lent him abnormal strength, called out jungle instincts, whipped the Mississippi mud to foam. Most

inconvenient of all, it established a racial memory, which, for the most part of time, slumbered beneath the swift and narrow slope between Bat's eyebrows and the roots of his curly black hair. When drunk, he hated the white men with a ferocity only kept within the bounds of prudence by the inherited cowardice of an enslaved race.

Drunk, he would make his way through the woods that bounded one of the great estates of the neighbourhood, and survey, glowering from the brushwood's safety, the moonlit front of the long stuccoed house, to which—under the influence of liquor—he believed himself entitled. His mythical Taliaferro grandfather had inhabited this very mansion, whose glories had long departed, whose terraces and gardens were choked and matted with the wild vine.

Bat clenched his fists and staged, mentally, an enormous massacre of the innocents who had stolen his birthright, picturing himself trampling over the fallen bodies of his adversaries to take possession. The women should not share the massacre—no! Not if they were young, and, according to the peculiar standards of the white man, beautiful. A deeper humiliation was reserved for them. Bat became primeval; king of his conquered heritage, he sat, in imagination, crowned with gold and precious stones, waited upon by his white wives.

A dangerous man—if his bosses had



"Say, can you sing?" asked Meyer, when amenities had been established.



"You sure are a go-getter, Levi," said Inchbaum, admiringly.

chosen to recognise it. In ignoring it, they, of course, diminished the danger down almost to zero point; that is the white man's way.

BUT his dangerousness was not lessened by the fact that, in some lights, Bat had his legitimate grievance against the white race. In the old days, his ancestors had had the misfortune to serve under the worst type of slave employer. Bat had listened, in childhood, to legends of unmerciful beatings, of starvation and rape, unemotionally recited by an old decrepit grandmother, with a pipe between her toothless gums.

She told these tales by firelight to a ring of pop-eyed piccaninnies; she was so old, they were just tales to her. But they were as exciting to the children as a blood-and-thunder thriller to an English schoolboy, and they sowed the germs of racial hate in more than one stupid, woolly-pated brain—hate which died out in time, under the beneficence of the sun and modern methods of employment. The southern heat breeds an indolence too profound to be disturbed by such an energising process as hate.

Only in Bat's brain did the spark smoulder, to be fanned alight by the cheap gin served out in the nigger store. Bat read his Bible, and, now and again, in search of excitement, went to revival meetings; there were fierce Old Testament stories which kept him in mind of the abuses which his people had suffered under the old régime.

Sober, he was a harmless specimen enough; lazy, good tempered, lecherous, content to do the minimum of work and receive the minimum of pay; peacocking on Sundays along the levée in view of the women, too lazy and too stupid to play poker, happy to be just a creature of the sun.

He had never heard of nigger heaven. Broadway was not even a name to him, and the notion of the breakdown steps with which he signalled his extremest moments of elation having a commercial value would have sent him off into shouts of yodking laughter. He was just "simple, plain nigger"; and it was thus that Levi Meyer found him, lounging on the barbecue when he should have been fruit-picking, with the juice of the orange he was eating without troubling to remove the peel, running down between his dark, spatulate fingers.

"**S**AY, can you sing?" asked Meyer, when amenities had been established—no difficult task, for Bat, sober, was a genial soul, and loved his fellow men. The theatrical manager's eyes were running over the six foot three of black Apollo Belvedere which represented Bat Tulliver, and half absently he proffered a cigar; one of his best, too—which, in the ordinary way, he only offered to fellow magnates, keeping a quite inferior brand for artistes and suchlike "little" people. Which shows how carried away Levi Meyer must have been.

Bat took it affably, but a glint of cunning stole into his eye; this was different from the long black cheroots he puffed, purely as a histrionic gesture, on Sunday evenings; it was a white man's cigar, banded with royal vermillion. Such things did not come Bat's way, save by unlawful means.

"Sure, I can sing," gurgled Bat, thoughtfully.

"Then sing," said Levi Meyer, and stuck his thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat.

Bat eyed the cigar wistfully.

"Sure, they ain't no nigger that cain't sing," he answered. "But I sing best of any niggers roun' heah." His native boastfulness asserted itself.

"Then sing," repeated Levi Meyer.

Bat found a brief mental survey of his repertoire—and sang.

The last time Meyer had heard that song had been on Broadway; in a kaleidoscope of coloured limés, the whine of saxophones and the syncopated tattoo of drums. A highly sophisticated coloured gentleman, in blameless white linen, had rolled his eyes and performed curious contortions in front of a sensational backcloth intended to represent Palm Beach.

Bat Tulliver sang it now, full-throated, his eyes narrowed to mere amber slits against the rays of the sun, with no other accompaniment than the rustle of the eucalyptus trees, and the buzzing of the wasps around the fruit baskets. His fingers twitched a little, and now and again he slightly heaved a shoulder, his knees sagged to the rhythm.

But it was the voice that held Meyer, the voice, like sunshine and honey at one moment, at the next like thunder and the Mississippi in flood, that rolled from that capacious chest, those thick, rubbery lips.

"It's the goods," whispered Levi Meyer, and bit his cigar clean through in his agitation.

But Levi Meyer, talking business, was not the man to allow emotion to carry him away. He had seen in Bat Tulliver the factor essential to the success of his new musical show; the pure, unalloyed nigger type he required in a cast otherwise exclusively white. But he was not going to allow his discovery to lead him into financial imprudence.

He said nothing further, and sought out Bat's employer.

"Take him," said that individual, and spat expressively within an inch of Meyer's expensively shod feet. "For the love of heaven, take him and have done with it. He's just a lazy, no-count nigger, that chockful of sass an' beans it won't let him get on with his job. Sober, he's no good, an' drunk—you gotta look out fur him."

At that Levi pricked up his ears.

"He's gotta complex," said the employer, who read a little, now and again. "Thinks he's half white—Tulliver, Taliaferro, you know. It's all eyewash; his folks was all jet-black niggers to the beginning o' time, so far's I kin tell. Worked Tulliver cotton fields, an' call themselves Tulliver—out o' compliment, maybe. He gets nasty about it when he's drunk, wants heavy handling. More trouble than he's worth. Have him—if he'll go."

MEYER went back, and offered Bat terms at which any Haarlem nigger would have laughed derisively. They made Bat blink; he had never visualised himself as a man of riches. He mistrusted, moreover, the suggestion of labour which formed the background to Meyer's scheme. He was content to do a little fruit-picking in

the sun, and to spend his wages at the gin shop; he had no desire to exchange these simple pleasures for the life of a city. Meyer, no mean psychologist, and primed by his conversation with Bat's boss, spoke smoothly of the accumulation of wealth, of triumphant return, amid the envy and acclamation of his acquaintances, and, with deep guile, of the possible purchase of a stuccoed mansion, and the foundation of a new line of coloured Tullivers, princes of the estate.

For the first time a gleam came into Bat's downcast eye. Meyer spoke of the theatre,



"Surely I am right in saying it is Mr. Tulliver?" he murmured . . .

of thousands of white people clapping their hands for Bat Tulliver, of a band that waited upon his lightest bidding, of lights specially focussed to pick out Bat Tulliver to the gaze of the rapturous multitude. Much of what he said was Greek to Bat, who, nevertheless, gathered an impression of great glory awaiting him, if he would but assent to these astonishing proposals.

Clearly he grasped that Meyer was offering him a state of equality to the white folks, and at last, a little tremulous, he followed Levi Meyer to the hotel down on the levée and signed his name in sweeping capitals, at the foot of a document witnessed by the hotel keeper. Then Meyer gave him some money, told him at what time they were starting the following morning, and Bat went away, and got gloriously, truculently drunk.

water-melon against his heart, sobbed—tears of gin and alarm.

"WELL, gotcha nigger?" inquired Inchbaum, jostling Meyer on Broadway, shortly after his return.

Meyer nodded absently; his mind was preoccupied with the rehearsal he had just left. Bat was doing even better than he had expected.

"Pure, virgin soil, eh?" asked Inchbaum,

shows him drammers of his old home, every night, to keep the atmosphere going. Pete's gotta first-rate bootlegger, an' they can have a soda-fountain if they like."

"You sure are a go-getter, Levi," said Inchbaum, admiringly. "But I cain't help thinking that nigger's going to get curious like, about Noo York, before long."

"Time enough to think about that when it comes along," said Levi. "Noo York's got him beat, for now. Sure! he's scared stiff of it!"

In point of fact, Bat Tulliver presented no immediate difficulties to his impresario. Every morning, obedient as a well broken dog, he drove to rehearsal with Meyer's lieutenant. In the theatre, he was treated *en prince*: he swelled with the adulation offered to him. But, in the home, Moiseiwitch, acting on Meyer's instructions, was careful to counteract the heady effects of too much praise.

Between them they managed him as skilfully as a couple of Montessori teachers with a difficult pupil. Bat was never allowed to suspect that the luxuries of Moiseiwitch's flat were installed for his especial benefit, or that his commercial value was almost exactly five times in advance of what Meyer was paying him.

And as for Meyer, he, foreseeing the sensational success of a piece from which half a dozen Broadway managers had shied away, on account of the psychological difficulties it presented, was in heaven.

HE had said no more than truth, in telling Inchbaum that Bat was scared stiff of New York. The rattle and thunder of the streets dazed him, the headlong speed of living wearied him, and he was content, many days, to come back to the flat and fall fast asleep on his bed. Among the pleasanter experiences of the new life was the plenteousness and variety of food and drink; he ate with voracity, not attempting to imitate the suavities of Pete's table manners.

The joy of a private "movie" had not begun to pall, although he wished Pete would show him more "drammers," fewer reels of the endless Mississippi flow, which made him uneasy, and under the influence of liquor, homesick. He appreciated the gramophone, while reflecting that the old one in Sam's store had made more noise; and most of all, he enjoyed week-end trips with Pete to quiet beaches, where they did nothing but sun themselves and sleep all day.

The expected *réclame* followed the night of production. Meyer's closely guarded oyster open at last, all New York rushed to acclaim his black pearl. *Old Virginie* was sure of at least a year's run, said the wise-ones, and so, indeed, it might have been, but for one of those trifling happenings that so complicate the lives, we are told, of mice and men.

OLD Virginie had been running a month. Bat (whose name now starred the front of the theatre in scarlet lights) doing his duty, but growing a little restive under the régime of theatre, gramophone, movies and bed. Pete, feeling the strain of his guardianship, had induced him to learn poker, but the nigger's brain was too indolent to master the principles of the game; he was but an indifferent player, and, as Pete was a very good one, it simply meant that the major part of Bat's salary found its way into Pete's pocket—a state of affairs Meyer, had he known of it, would not have approved.

It will be seen that Pete Moiseiwitch was

NEXT day the entire nigger population turned out to see Bat off; neither threats nor cajolery had power to compel them to their work when the local hero was departing into the unknown. Bat stood among them, like Napoleon saying his last farewells before St. Helena. The scene was fantastic; old grey-headed men and their womenfolk huddled together in whimpering fear that Bat had gone for ever, young nigger belles, clinging round the hero, overwhelmed him with tears and embraces, a surprising number of piccanninies, for whose presence Levi Meyer, leaning well back in his hired car to escape identification with the scene, cynically accounted—and uproarious young bucks, whose high spirits owed something to the hope swelling in their hearts that each was destined to become Bat's successor in the women's favours.

The scene was as hysterical as a revival meeting, and something more than reminiscent of it, when someone raised a hymn tune. The car resembled a carnival wagon, or a harvest thanksgiving, with the offerings of fruit and flowers thrust upon Bat, whose pockets bulged outwards with a couple of bottles of Old Square-face, whose effects would have worn off, thought Meyer, philosophically, long before their destination was reached.

They moved off, on the long ride to the depot, to the strains of *Swing low, Sweet Chariot*, which had the mournful sweetness of a dirge; it made even Meyer's time-hardened throat tighten, and Bat, crushing a



DUDLEY S.
COWES

"... Sho', that's me," responded Bat.

sarcastically. "Say, Levi, how long jou figger to keep him unspotted from the woid here, in Noo York?"

"I gottin living with Pete Moiseiwitch," answered Meyer, sharply. "Pete knows its more'n his life's worth to let that nigger out of his sight. Theatre, an' back home again—that's that nigger's programme."

"Sounds a bit dull for the poor swine," commented Inchbaum.

"It ain't dull," snapped Meyer. "I gotta movie fixed up in Pete's flat, an' Pete

an honest man—from prudence, rather than from conviction. It paid better, in dealing with Meyer, and, hard as Meyer's yoke could ride at times, Pete preferred it to others he had tried.

Bat and Pete were taking exercise in Grammercy Park. Bat's curriculum, stringent, now that rehearsals were over, as a prizefighter's in training for some big event, included two hour's daily exercise, which, by his own wish, having sampled other kinds, happened to be walking. It demanded less effort than riding, or even cycling, both of which Pete, himself a cyclist, had suggested. He (Pete) agreed to the walking with a groan, and asked for a rise in wages, which he promptly received. Meyer was no fool, and had never been known to lose a good servant for lack of adequate recompense.

They were dawdling along, at the peculiar saunter which is the nigger's conception of walking; a few autumnal leaves fluttering about their shoulders, when, coming towards them, appeared a unique figure. Dressed like some super-dream of a tailor's dummy, he was fitted out with the last inspiration in the way of hat, gloves and cane.

A solitaire diamond flashed from a necktie, slightly temperamental, but convention was recaptured by the immaculately shod feet, the slight recondite buttonhole. The distinction of this Brummel lay rather in his carriage than in any extravagance of sartorial expression; he was escorting a charming lady, whose dazzling fairness seemed to radiate her companion's sable hue.

"Say, Pete! Dat's a sho'-nuff nigger! Who to goodness can he be?" inquired Bat, shattered by the apparition.

Pete was wont to declare in after years that in that very moment he felt the premonition of disaster. "Something seemed to hit me," was the way he put it. He attempted, with no effect upon his companion, to quicken his step.

"Sure, that's Cornelius Rubens, playing opposite us," he answered, briefly.

"Who's de skoit with him?" asked Bat, who had caught up a few of Pete's expressions.

"That there's Mirabelle Warner, out of his noo show," Pete was answering, when the unbelievable, the disastrous thing happened.

CORNELIUS RUBENS, whose name needs no introduction to students of contemporary American drama, and whose eyes had been on Pete's companion, even as Bat's eyes had been on him, apparently said a few words of excuse to his lady, and, detaching himself from her company, came towards them. Pete sullenly took off his hat, Bat stood and grinned.

Cornelius Rubens held out an ineffably gloved hand.

"Surely I am right in saying it is Mr. Tulliver?" he murmured, as one Olympian unbending towards another, slightly inferior, but entitled, nevertheless, to share the heights.

"Sho', that's me," responded Bat, grip-

ping the hand, until it was delicately withdrawn.

"May I beg your forgiveness for this unconventional encounter?" pursued Cornelius Rubens, in his mellifluous, westernised voice. "Ever since I saw your performance, Mr. Tulliver, I have been wishing to tell you how much I appreciated it. I should have sent my card round, and begged for the honour of a word with you, only I was compelled by another engagement to leave the theatre a little before the end of the last act. A really remarkable



Bat was indulging in antics unfamiliar to his producer . . . smacking his thighs, shaking his shoulders . . . like any one of a hundred jazz-mad niggers.

show, Mr. Tulliver—a quite astounding success for you."

"Oh, sho'," said Bat, beaming, "Dat's nothing! Ah could do a li'l show like dat t'ree times a day an' not know Ah wuz doin' not'in' at all!"

Mr. Rubens's westernised eyebrows rose towards his hat brim.

"Ah, the hardihood of inexperience!—Forgive me, Mr. Tulliver—I must not keep Miss Warner waiting."

"She sho' is some jane!" agreed Bat, warmly.

"I beg your pardon?—I hope, Mr. Tulliver, you will honour me some evening in my dressing room? I think our show closes a little later than your own. I shall be charmed to see you—and Mr. Moiseiwitch, who is, of course, no stranger to me."

WHILE Bat was sleeping off the effects of his exercise, Pete got Levi Meyer on the telephone.

"Say, Levi, we met Rubens out walkin' this afternoon. He asked Bat to go an' see him at the theatre; Bat's all over the idea—what'm I to do about it?"

"Let'm go," answered Meyer, after a short deliberation. "S'long's you go with him."

"He ain't got no Tuxedo," said Pete, doubtfully.

"Course he ain't gotta Tuxedo. What the hell's Bat wanna Tuxedo for? We ain't settin' up Bat Tulliver to cut out Cornelius Rubens in his own line. Backwoods—cottonfields—that's Bat's turn. They ain't got no Tuxedos down on the cottonfields, have they?"—heavily sarcastic.

"Nope; but we don't wan' folks lookin' down on our star, an' you know what Rubens's parties is like."

"Who says it's a party?"

"Pretty well always is, 'cross yonder," said Pete.

"Dress him up in his flannels—an' don't be partic'lar about a tie; an' run him over soon's the curtain's down," answered Meyer. "And—hey!" as Pete prepared, with a sigh, to replace the receiver. "Let him do's he likes, but keep the women off of him!"

"Nyah, nyah, nyah!" snarled Pete—or its equivalent—into the silent receiver, as he banged it viciously on the table.

Bat arose for tea in a slightly subdued mood.

"Dat fella Rubens is sho' some red-hot nigger," he offered, with his mouth full of food. "I'd have had a bigger size buttonhole 'n dat, dough, if I been him. But he'd sho' got de goods in his necktie."

"Surprised you don't buy yourself a few diamonds, Bat," said Pete, morosely. But Bat was too far sunk in dreams to

be drawn. It was with a heavy heart that Moiseiwitch conducted his charge across Broadway, after the curtain descended.

THEY were shown, immediately, to the star dressing room. On the door, in a little block of illumination, burned the name of Mr. Cornelius Rubens. That made Bat blink; there were no lights on his door, and there was just the bald announcement "Bat Tulliver"; no "mister," even.

But his worst shock was to come. The curtain was evidently down at the Rameses, as well as at his own theatre, for the dressing room—palatial enough for a salon—was crowded with men and women in evening dress—a few coloured, some indubitably half-caste, others apparently white. And they were all paying court to Cornelius Rubens. The colour bar, which was branded into Bat's soul from babyhood—that he

sensed even beneath the business-like friendship of Pete and Levi Meyer—what had become of it here? Apparently, it did not exist.

Rubens had seen him, and instantly came towards them.

"How good of you to take me so promptly at my word, Mr. Tulliver!" he murmured—and the merest flicker of an eye conveyed to the watchful Moiseiwitch—"The fellow's anxious to get 'in'; I must be careful." "My dear friends,—all of you—I am sure I don't need to introduce Mr. Bat Tulliver. Let me find someone who will entertain you while I am changing——"

IT was dusk the following evening before Bat awoke. There was a wickedness in his eyes, a mulish obstinacy in the lower part of his face that boded trouble for someone.

While dressing for the first act, Bat launched his shaft.

"I gotta party to-night. Folks is coming to see me, here. An' down at ——." He named the notorious Harlem night resort to which Rubens had conducted them the previous evening.

The cigar dropped from Pete's mouth to the carpet; lay there smouldering. He was too wise a man to waste words, but, at the first opportunity, he slipped out, and to Meyer's office.

The words were taken out of his mouth before he was well across the threshold. Meyer swung round on him, with the one expression, above all others, Moiseiwitch most disliked to see upon his employer's face.

"Here, what's this?—Baerbohm tells me there's half the nigger population of Noo York in front to-night."

Pete spread out deprecatory hands.

"You said he could do's he liked, so long's I kept the women off of him. I kept the women off——"

MEYER swore, long and deeply. There was Bat, in his ragged homespun suit, with seven limes converging on him from different parts of the house. And, just as Meyer and his lieutenant rested their arms on the bar at the back of the circle, Bat began to sing.

"Jer-usha!" exploded Meyer. "What's come to him?"

"Cabaret," said Pete. "Down in Harlem last night."

And the two men, hearts sinking to the lowest waistcoat button, watched Bat, with the fatal imitativeness of his kind, smacking his thighs, shaking his shoulders, beating his hands together, like any one of a hundred jazz-mad niggers with saxophone on the brain. The simplicity of his performance had vanished before a kind of cabaret sparkle, an echo of the music-halls.

"Send the fella to me," said Meyer, at the end of the show.

"Can't get near his dressing room," said Moiseiwitch, after an attempt. "There's half Harlem in the passage."

HALF an hour later, on a great wave of elation, Bat Tulliver was borne out of the theatre by his tumultuous guests. Pete cocked an inquiring eye at Meyer.

"Let him go. I'll talk to him to-morrow."

A nervous crisis was imminent when Bat walked into the theatre the following evening.

"Yo' kin tell Levi Meyer," remarked Bat, "that Mistah Tullivar wants to speak to him—in his dressing room."

IT is certain that no message from Bat reached Meyer, but within a few minutes the door was jerked open. Bat was lolling, cross-legged, before his dresser, the air was heavy with the aroma of a Havana cigar.

No tailor in New York had been able to supply him with the suit of clothing that he

desired, so Bat had gone, at last, to a theatrical costumier's.

"Mistah Meyer. Yo kin sit down. Las' night, Mist' Meyer, I wuz having a li'l talk wid one of my friends. He tole me, Mist' Meyer, how much money Cornelius Rubens is gitting fur his job." Bat named it, slowly and with unction. "I wuz very int'rested, Mist' Meyer—very int'rested, indeed."

Bat smiled.

"Why, you lazy, no'-count nigger!" Meyer bawled.

Bat smiled. He did not believe Levi Meyer. His reflection in the plum-coloured suit was working in his head like liquor; he sure did make Cornelius Rubens look bum.

Prudence forsook Meyer; that smile of Bat's was too much. He made a rush, seized the back of Bat's collar with one hand, while he sent the plush hat flying with a jab of the other fist. Levi Meyer must have presented a heroic appearance as he ran the six-foot nigger along the passage way and shot him out.

Bat, yelling and dancing in his fury, naturally fell into the hands of the police.

He emerged into the morning sunlight, to be greeted from every hoarding by the announcement: "Bat Tulliver spends the night in quod." Bat threw out his chest. But the subsidiary line served to prick the bubble of his self-esteem. "Understudy a wow. Steve Rome rings the bell every time."

That Cuban half-breed—how Bat had scorned and patronised him! He made his way to the stage door, where the doorkeeper gave him an envelope.

MURDER was in his heart—without the courage to commit it.

Facing Bat was the imposing façade of one of New York's most exclusive hotels. Bat Tulliver stumbled up the approach, to find his entrance barred by the imposing figure of the commissionaire, who looked straight over the top of his head.

"No niggers allowed in here," he said.

Bat recoiled.

Against the railings, crosslegged, sat a pavement artist, guarding, with hungry eyes, his row of chalk daubs from the feet of passers by. Bat's inflamed glance fell upon him. Poor white!—miserable failure!

The beggar's eyes were lifted suddenly, with the avid glitter of starvation to Bat's own. With a gesture wantonly magniloquent he dropped into the ragged cap set to receive offerings—no paltry dime, but a dollar. With that one gesture he had asserted his equality with the whole white race. Bat Tulliver wandered off, to find his next job.

END.



Bat smiled. His reflection in the plum-coloured suit was working in his head like liquor.

A Bid for Atlantic Air Trade

By
E. M. Rossiter

Once more it may be proved that the world was wrong and that a crazy inventor was right. A full scale test is to be made of a floating island for aircraft, with a view to the organisation of an air service spanning the Atlantic, from New York to London, in two days.



A Sikorsky amphibian on land. Aircraft of the same design as that shown above, but of larger and improved type, fitted with four engines instead of two, are being developed for service on the Armstrong trans-ocean seadrome route. A fleet of Sikorsky amphibians of the present type are in use on the airway between North and Central America, which is shortly to be extended to South America.

AMONG foreign plans for great air routes none is more spectacular nor of more express importance to England than the American project for a chain of floating islands, spaced 400 miles apart, across the Atlantic, along which it is proposed to operate a service of large amphibian aeroplanes carrying passengers and mails between the United States and Europe in from 36 to 48 hours.

Until a few weeks ago this scheme still remained in the realms of apparently impractical invention. The designer of the islands, Mr. H. B. Armstrong, after sixteen years of experiment and effort, had won no financial backing, and probably ninety-nine people out of a hundred who heard of his plans dismissed them as a wild-cat scheme unlikely ever to be adopted. In fact, the world generally was as incredulous towards

Mr. Armstrong as it was twenty-five years ago towards two other Americans—Wilbur and Orville Wright.

A TRIAL THIS YEAR.

BUT, once again, the world may be proved to be wrong. The enormous tide of money which is flowing into American aviation has caught up Mr. Armstrong's scheme, and the first floating island is actually being built. Before the end of this year, in all probability, it will be towed out into the Atlantic to a point midway between New York and Bermuda, and trials will then begin of a trans-ocean air service which, if successful, will be extended to Europe.

Perhaps within the next five years passengers and mails will be landed by American aircraft at Croydon only two days after leaving New York, and four days after

leaving San Francisco on the Pacific seaboard of America.

The feasibility of the plans is so far accepted in America that the United States Secretary for Aeronautics has recently declared his belief in their success, whilst one of their strongest advocates is Mr. Igor Sikorsky, the famous aeroplane designer.

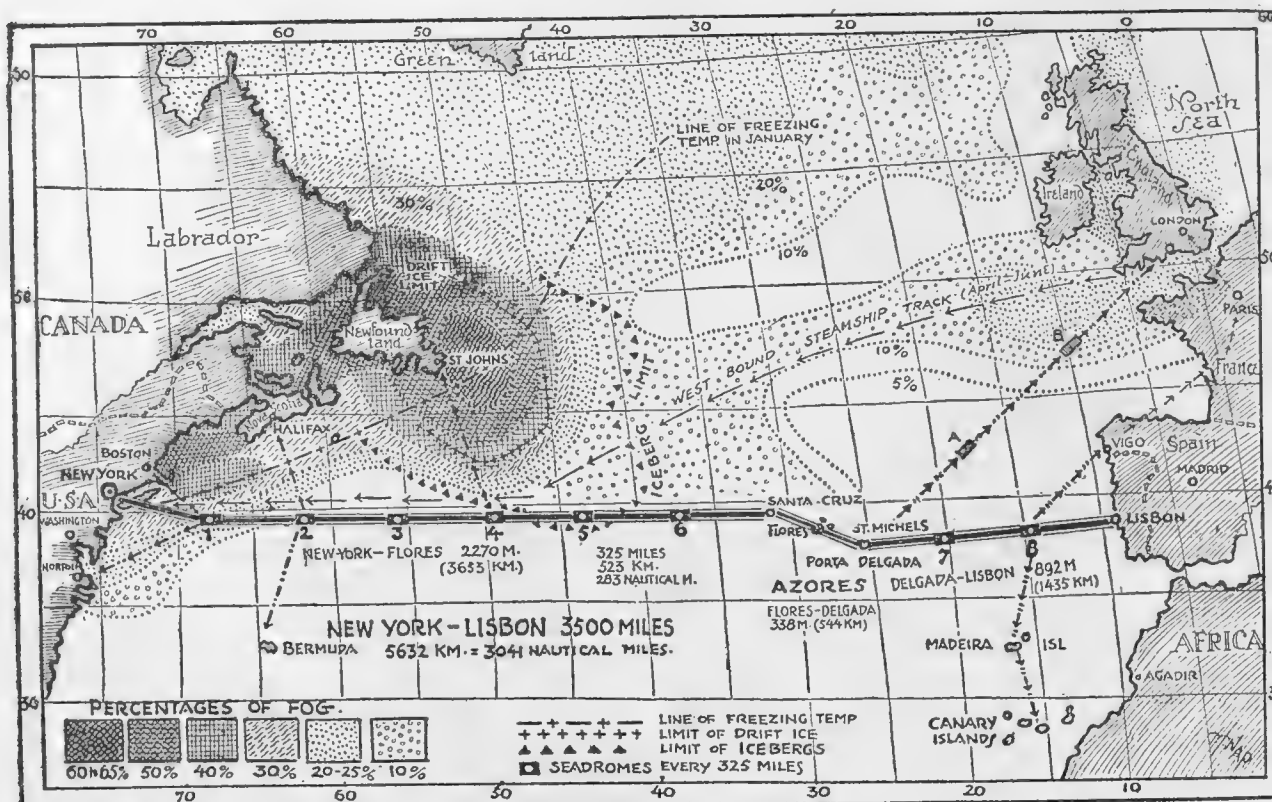
"SEADROMES" 1,200 FEET LONG.

THE "seadromes," as Mr. Armstrong has named the islands, take the form of a landing platform for aircraft, standing on a forest of legs, at the feet of which are cylindrical buoyancy tanks. The runway provided is 1,200 feet (nearly $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile) in length and 200 feet wide, and below it is a "service" deck, with hangar space, fuel stores and workshops. At the centre, the island is widened to 400 feet to afford space for an hotel and other buildings on either side of the runway.

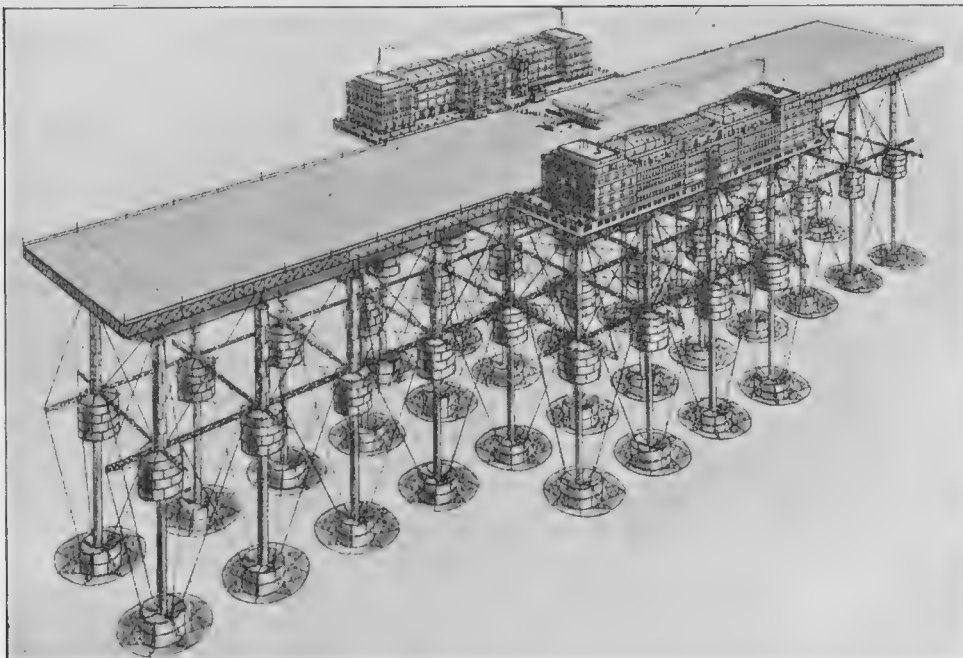
About 10,000 tons of iron and steel will be used in the construction of this gigantic structure, and its total displacement, when ballasted, will be 50,000 tons. As the buoyancy tanks will be sunk 50 feet below the waterline and the landing platform will be 100 feet above the water, it is claimed—and the claim is supported by model test reproducing full scale conditions—that the seadrome will remain perfectly steady in the heaviest waves that even the Atlantic can throw against it. A raging sea on the surface scarcely affects the water 50 feet down.

A £4,000,000 SCHEME.

IF the hopes of the Armstrong Sea-



This map illustrates the route proposed by Mr. Armstrong. The proposed seadromes are indicated, while it will be noted that the course of the amphibians will so far as possible avoid the fog and iceberg zones.



A design for the seadrome which will, it is hoped, be used on the Armstrong trans-Atlantic route.

drome Development Company are realised, a chain of eight seadromes, spaced at intervals of 400 miles, with route-marking buoys every 50 miles, will be laid down on the route between New York and Lisbon. Each seadrome will cost £300,000, and the total capital investment will be in the region of £4,000,000. This sum, as Mr. Armstrong points out, is but a fraction of the amount invested in harbours and docks for a shipping service.

The aircraft which it is proposed to use are of the amphibian type, capable of landing on either the seadrome runways, or, in emergency, on the sea. They will carry about thirty passengers at an estimated fare of £70 a head.

TECHNICAL OBJECTIONS.

PROBABLY the principal risk which the financial backers of the experiment have to face is the breakage of the mooring cables. The average depth of the Atlantic is about three miles, and the cable will have to be some 21,000 feet (about 4 miles) in length. Expert opinion is sceptical of the feasibility of mooring at this great depth, as obviously the cable will have to bear not merely the drag of the seadrome under wind pressure, but also the very much greater pull of its own weight suspended in the water.

But Mr. Armstrong has a definite answer to his critics on this point. The bridge cable used, he states, will be graduated in thickness according to the tension at the different levels, and it will be five times stronger overall than the force normally imposed on it.

To the criticism that the underwater integrity of the seadromes will be difficult and costly to maintain, Mr. Armstrong has also a convincing reply. It is at least certain that a seadrome will be no more liable to corrosion troubles than a floating dock.

From a flying standpoint, no insuperable technical difficulties seem to exist. The route selected, from New York to Lisbon, avoids the Atlantic fog and storm areas, and should offer no serious obstacles to regular flying, providing it is marked with lighted buoys and is properly equipped with wireless and meteorological services. A patrol boat will, it is proposed, be stationed at each seadrome to furnish assistance in the rare event of forced landings on the water.

COMMERCIAL PROSPECTS.

ON the commercial prospects of a trans-Atlantic seadrome route, Mr. Armstrong's estimate of £10,000,000 revenue per annum seems extravagantly optimistic, but his optimism is based on excellent grounds.

"A very perfunctory survey of the transportation field," says Mr. Armstrong, "proves conclusively that the essential

conditions for successful commercial aviation are nowhere more favourable than on the North Atlantic route between America and Europe, the business centres of the old and the new world. What other traffic route joins three hundred million people who own or control over one-half of the total wealth of the world? On what other route do 2,500,000 passengers annually make a 3,500 mile voyage, requiring on the average eight days time?

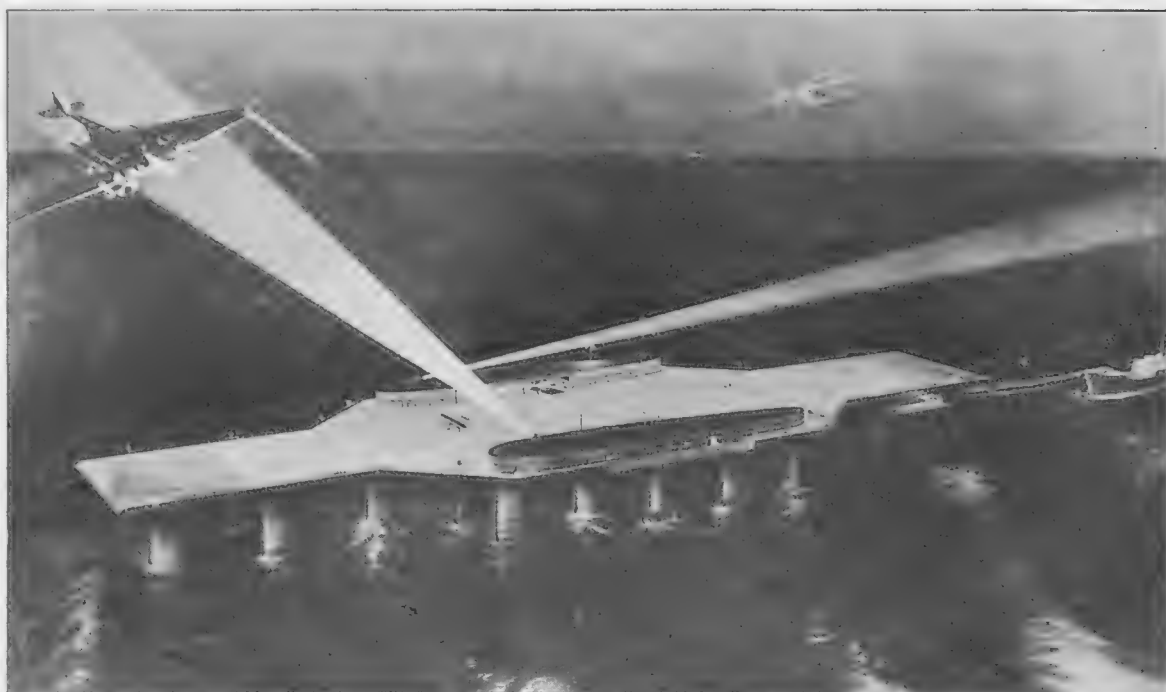
"Most people think of the modern high speed Atlantic passenger liner as being of recent development," he observes, but "out of 104 liners now engaged in trans-Atlantic service, 93 do not exceed the speed of two generations ago. With the inception of the airway service, as planned, the relative time of the ocean crossing by airplane will be shortened overnight almost as much as it has been reduced in the past 100 years by improvement of ships.

"The so-called 'big six' of the steamship world, the *Majestic*, *Leviathan*, *Beren-garia*, *Aquitania*, *Olympic* and *Mauretania*, with a total of 291,516 tons, carried about 170,000 passengers across the Atlantic in 1925. Seventy 30-passenger aeroplanes, operating only one-third of the time on the basis of a 36-hour trip, would carry as many passengers. The relative investment is \$5,250,000 for planes, compared with approximately \$100,000,000 for the ships.

"Even if the steamship companies reduced their rates to the minimum, the time saving would still make the air route the more economical one."

AN INTERNATIONAL STRUGGLE.

BRITISH steamship owners cannot afford to ignore this threat to their future. The next few years may witness the commencement of a new speed struggle on the Atlantic, in which the saving of time will be counted in hours and minutes instead of days and hours. The Armstrong Seadrome Development Company is not the only bidder for the Atlantic air trade. Germany has two powerful protagonists in the Deutsche Lufthansa and the Zeppelin Company, which are supported by the German Shipping Industry.



Some idea of what one of the seadromes will be like may be obtained from this picture. Fuel and oil are being taken off a tanker, while the searchlights guide the aircraft to their landing place.

What's WRONG with Wimbledon?

HOW long are we going to allow the camouflaged commercialism, which has as its temple the edifice at Wimbledon, to dominate, stultify or ignore everything that is striving towards making a decent future for British Lawn Tennis?

How long are we going to regard as sacrosanct, to speak in awed whispers of, people who are filling their pockets and having comfortable and privileged times out of a sport which is now more truly wholly national than any other we have? How long are we going to allow the whole of Britain's lawn tennis system to be commandeered for the benefit of the few?

How soon are we going to stand up and demand who are the people who arrogate to themselves the right to exploit British lawn tennis, and why are they allowed to do it?

When the new lawn tennis edifice at Wimbledon was opened by the All-England Lawn Tennis Club in 1922 it was hailed in many quarters as the biggest boon the game had ever known. We had had the scanty—but up to then almost adequate—accommodation provided by the Worple Road ground, about a mile and a half distant. The new edifice was to be a fitting temple for the soul of the game.

I think, looking back, that to be called a reactionary by the people who are at present running lawn tennis in this country was one of the most indescribably comic things which has ever happened to me in a sporting career extending over more than thirty years.

For if there is one sporting body in this country which is reactionary and blind to every public interest it is the body which has its temple in Wimbledon Park.

I say the body because, although the big tournament which now focuses upon itself the attention of the world is run nominally by the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club (please note this is the full title of the governing body of the Wimbledon ground), it is also largely participated in, as to power, prestige, and purse money, by the Lawn Tennis Association. It will be said that they are two distinct bodies. It always has been said so, and there have always been those who believed it. Nominally, to-day, it is a fact; in practice, the same few people have the greater say in both organisations. I know that figures can prove me wrong, but fortunately most people know the value of figures.

THE BALLOT FOR SEATS.

TO every lawn tennis player Wimbledon stands for British lawn tennis. Therefore it should be administered on a national



A typical Centre Court crowd watching an important match at Wimbledon.

Exploiting a National Game

By FRED STOWE

basis. It is not, nor, as at present constituted, will it ever be.

What the Wimbledon edifice does represent, in reality, is a perpetuation of that snobbery which for so many years kept the game of lawn tennis the preserve of the few. Some of us are old enough to remember the time when the average boy and girl would have as soon thought of trying to enter the secret councils of the Bolsheviks of to-day as try to enter the local lawn tennis club of that day. I am not at all sure which they would have found the more reactionary; which would have done their moral sporting fibre more harm!

Lawn tennis as a national game has outgrown that pitiable snobbery. A great deal has been printed lately about the ballot for seats at the Wimbledon lawn tennis fortnight. As most people know, the applications for the seats which are available exceed the supply by ten to twenty times. The ignorant are left to imagine that the whole of the seating accommodation in that vast stadium—with certain very necessary reservations for Royalty, players and officials, of course—is balloted for. Little publicity is given to the fact that half the seats are not open to the public at all, but are the property of private shareholders who can either use them, give them away, leave them empty, or sell them at a profit.

In other words the greatest international sporting contest in the world—and I do not except the Olympic Games, which draw far fewer nations—played on British soil, is, *ab initio*, a semi-private affair.

The usual stock answer will, I know, be produced once more:

"Wimbledon cost £150,000 to build and equip, and those who put down the money are entitled to reap the benefit. They were sportsmen, and they deserve their reward!"

Britain from which shareholders take such a colossal money-toll.

In other sports rates of interest are restricted, either by law or by good taste, and much of the money is turned back for the improvement of the game and the conditions under which it is played.

The interest paid on Wimbledon shares will be pointed to, and it is not high. But something will be left unsaid, and, as usual, it will be the thing which matters. The possession of shares in the Wimbledon arena, entitles the holders to perpetual ownership of the majority of the best seats there, and these seats are barred to the public of this or any other country. The mere subscription of a few pounds, which were never in danger of being lost, gave the subscribers the right to a monopoly of the skill, strength and brains of the world's greatest players for all time, to the exclusion of the thousands upon thousands of real sporting enthusiasts who might be of some use to the game as a game, even though they had not fifty pounds to put into the building of a concrete structure—which would have been put to other profitable uses had not the young sportsmen and sportswomen of the world come forward and made lawn tennis what it is to-day!

But the scandal only begins there! Year by year we hear a lot of cant talked about the "profiteering" which goes on by poor devils who stand twelve hours in a queue in order to make a few shillings' profit on the unreserved seats—and they can only buy two—which are sold day by day at the turnstiles.

GAMBLE IN SEATS.

WHAT happens to the shareholders' seats at Wimbledon? These shareholders point to the small interest they receive on the money they invested. How many of them dare say what they have

MONEY FOR SHAREHOLDERS.

NOW this is one of those specious arguments which seems to cover the situation. In this case it does nothing of the kind. To tell some of those sportsmen that they were acting, not in the interests of the game but of themselves, would be to shock them beyond measure. They might be induced to instance other sports—I have drawn them to do so at times—where shareholders are a necessary (I was going to say evil, and it would be true) part of the organisation.

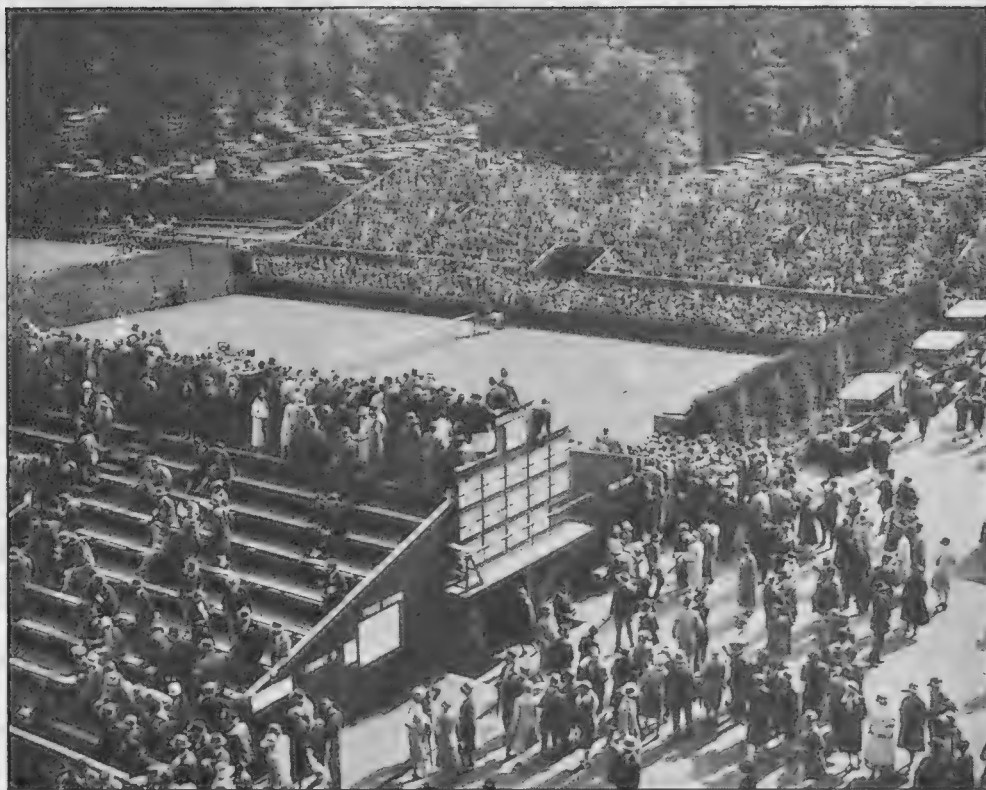
But there is no other national sport in

received for Centre Court tickets which they have sold through private syndicates or through a box number in the "Personal" columns of the newspapers? Glance at the "Personal" column of the principal London newspapers a fortnight or a couple of months before the "Fortnight" opens! Calculate the prices of the seats, day by day. Who are selling them? Profiteers who have been lucky in the draw for seats, one knows! But do they represent the whole total? They do not! While Wimbledon is squealing about profiteering, its own shareholders are carrying on the game to a greater and more shameful extent than anyone outside.

NOT BAD GOING.

I know of a case where a shareholder got back, in a single year, the whole of his capital by the sale of his seats in the Centre Court stand to Americans who could obtain them in no other way. He has sold them every year. One hundred per cent., plus the legitimate interest paid on the shares, per year is not bad going, even if it is bad sportsmanship and bad for the future of one of the greatest games in the world.

It is no use grouching without suggesting a remedy, and I suggest a sporting remedy to the dwellers in the Wimbledon edifice. One would not wish to rob them of all the benefits to which their financial acumen has entitled them; besides which many of them, genuinely interested in lawn tennis, would not miss the championships if they could possibly help it. But as sportsmen, with the interest of the game at heart, they will realise the stimulus, a stimulus like none other in the world, which the sight of champions fighting for the premier honours has for the young players on whom our whole sporting future depends.



In the far Court the game which is being played has attracted a large crowd, but there is evidently less interest in that which is in progress on Court 3.

And let the remaining five per cent. of the seats be held out as prizes in properly organised juvenile competitions, which have been neglected in a scandalous fashion here, although one would have thought American

example would have shamed our own folk into an effort.

The scheme will be laughed at—until some pioneer with pluck and the interests of the game at heart, and an utter contempt for traditions which ought to be dead, comes on the scene and carries it through.

In the meantime the system

of drawing for the seats amongst the thousands of eager applicants who want to see lawn tennis at its best—and have a national and international right to see it—is screaming for reform.

A GAME FOR PLAYERS.

At present each lucky owner of a name which comes out of a hat gets *two seats for the whole fortnight* (for four guineas each, of course) while the other nine out of ten get nothing.

Why, in the name of common sense and fairness, cannot seats be allotted for one day instead of two weeks, and thus multiply by twelve the number who can go to Wimbledon?

Alternatively, give applications from clubs, which can and must divide their seats amongst their members, first preference.

I know one man who last year sent in twenty-two applications for seats in twenty-two different names—and was lucky enough to get five lots of seats, which he at once advertised for sale.



A SCHEME OF REFORM.

HERE is a sporting scheme. Let the owners of all these—I say, unfairly—privileged seats pool the lot. Then let them ballot, amongst themselves, for, say, twenty-five per cent. of them, the lucky ones to have them free. Then let them put up fifty per cent. of the rest at auction, publicly for preference, and, pooling half the proceeds for themselves, hand the other half to a fund for the betterment of the game in their own country.

Twenty-five per cent. of the seats remain. Let twenty per cent. of them be given to be balloted for, at a small charge if necessary, amongst the clubs of the country who have done so much for lawn tennis in the highways and byways, but who get as much chance of getting a centre court seat at Wimbledon as the proverbial snowball or butter cat.



Wimbledon crowds, like theatrical first night enthusiasts, are not appalled by the prospect of a long wait or disappointment. They come early and wait—standing, sitting on camp stools, or even reposing on mother earth.

The Solution of the Coal Problem

Depression in the coal industry, although relieved to some extent by the severe winter, remains acute and no practical means have been evolved to deal with the situation. There is a growing opinion among coal-owners that the minerals should be owned and controlled by the State.

By



The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel

IT is three years since the Royal Commission on the Coal Industry issued its report. It warned the country that "a disaster is impending over the industry." The mine-owners had declared themselves confident that, if wages were reduced and hours lengthened, the trade would speedily recover. After a six months' struggle with the workers, wages were drastically reduced, and the hours of labour were lengthened; they were made the longest of any country in Europe.

Nevertheless, the impending disaster fell. "There is little doubt," said one of the principal coal-owners a few days ago, "that the year 1928 will go down to history as the worst experienced in the British coal industry within living memory." The financial losses have been very great. The distress among the miners, through unemployment and short time, has been so acute that the attention of the whole nation has been stirred, its deep sympathy aroused, its charitable help urgently invited and willingly given.

COAL'S REVIVAL.

THIS year the conditions are somewhat better. The improvement has been due partly to a sudden increase in the demand for British coal during the spell of intensely cold weather on the Continent last winter which rendered difficult the transport of other coal; partly it is due to some revival in our own shipbuilding trade, and in the iron and steel trade generally; and partly to a measure of progress that has been made—not great as yet, but appreciable—in organising the production and marketing of British coal.

I believe that another factor has been at work also. All our exporting trades have suffered heavily in recent years through the restoration of our currency to a gold standard, while many of the competing countries were working with depreciating currencies. Now the world's currencies have almost all been stabilised. Conditions are adjusting themselves to that basis, and this invisible, but potent, hindrance to our export trade is gradually losing its effect.

Undoubtedly there is improvement. There is the possibility—perhaps even the probability—that it will continue. But there can be no certainty. In any case, the distance to be travelled is great before the industry is restored to a real prosperity. It would be the height of folly to repeat the error of previous years; to take the easy course of assuming that all will now be well; to forget the lesson of the cruel depression

through which we have been passing; and to assume that there is no longer need for vigorous effort and drastic measures of change. It is hard to tell which is the more mischievous—the pessimist who says that all is lost and that it is hopeless to attempt to retrieve the situation, or the optimist who says that now all is well and that no energetic action is necessary.

A PLEA FOR UNIFICATION.

THERE are some signs of improved organisation in the industry. But it is no more than a small beginning. The evidence before the Royal Commission proved conclusively that, unless the circumstances are exceptional, mining can be conducted far more economically by large undertakings than by small. The industry itself is slowly being driven by hard necessity to modernise its own structure. Some amalgamations of small units into larger ones have taken place. But these changes have affected only one-sixth of the whole industry. British coalmining with an output of 250 million tons a year, is still carried on by many hundreds of separate undertakings. In Westphalia, which produces a hundred million tons, there are only seventy; in the coal-field of Northern France, which produces twenty million tons, there are only sixteen.

And the progress in organisation is likely to remain slow until one fundamental condition is altered—the ownership of the mineral itself by some thousands of private land-owners. So long as this condition is maintained, the rationalisation of the coal mines will be slow and uncertain. As soon as the nation substitutes for it a unified ownership in the hands of State Commissioners, rationalisation will be speedy and assured.

Great Britain is the only important coal producing country in the world where this great gift of Nature is left in private ownership—with one exception. The exception is the United States; and in the United States, as here, the planning of the mines is often haphazard, the industry is subject to violent fluctuations, the conditions of labour give rise to grave discontent, and the industry is the theatre of prolonged and embittered industrial disputes.

The Royal Commission of 1925 reported unanimously in favour of the nationalisation—not of the mines—but of the ownership

of the mineral. The previous Sankey Commission had reported, also unanimously, in the same sense. Now, at last, opinion among the coal-owners is beginning to recognise that this policy is right.

STATE CONTROL.

SIX months ago, Mr. F. A. Szarvasy, the Deputy chairman of Amalgamated Anthracite Collieries, Limited, which controls almost the whole of the anthracite production of the country, declared in a speech at the annual meeting of the company, that the more he considered the problems that arose in connection with colliery amalgamations, the more convinced he was of the benefit that would accrue from the single ownership of the royalties in the hands of the State.

More recently, Major John Leslie, the chairman of the great Denaby and Cadeby Main Collieries, wrote in the same sense. The *Colliery Guardian*, the representative organ of the mine-owners, has lately admitted that it had "gradually reached the conclusion that, if rationalisation on a large scale, is to be successful in the British coal industry, the minerals must be owned and controlled by the State." These expressions are significant. Whether they will be the precursors of action depends, however, not upon the views of individual coal-owners, but upon the policy adopted by Government and Legislature.

Of equal importance—and, perhaps, of even greater importance—stands the question of the scientific use of coal. I feel certain that later generations will be amazed that we in this age—with all our industrial development, all our chemical knowledge, all our care for the public health, and with some little care for the public environment—should still continue the primitive, wasteful and noxious custom of burning much the greater part of our coal in a crude state, as it comes raw from the mine; venting into the atmosphere of our towns products of the combustion, which, in industry, would have a great economic value, but which discharged into the air, are a deleterious pollution.

The gas industry has long been dealing with a small fraction of the coal output in a more civilised way. So have the coke ovens. The electric power stations, with their scientific stoking and their consumption of

small-sized coal, make a better use of the mineral. To-day many efforts are being made to devise a profitable method of carbonisation at comparatively low temperatures; the object is to produce a smokeless fuel for the ordinary grate, together with oil for the motor engine and gas for industrial or domestic purposes. Further, practical tests, of much more interest and promise, have been recently made in the stoking of steamships with pulverised coal. It can be pumped in liquid form into the ships; and, while competing with oil in convenience of handling, it is likely to excel it in cheapness, and so may recover and retain one of the principal markets which oil has seemed likely to capture.

VAST OPPORTUNITIES

BETWEEN the lumps of coal as they come up the pit-shaft, and the many separate products which can be derived from them for ultimate use, there lies a vast opportunity. In that field a rich harvest may be gathered by the chemist, the physicist and the engineer. It is the effort of the scientist, in finding the most profitable uses for coal and its constituents, which will ultimately restore a full prosperity to our mines.

The further we leave behind us the primitive simplicity of burning pieces of crude coal in grates and furnaces, and the more the

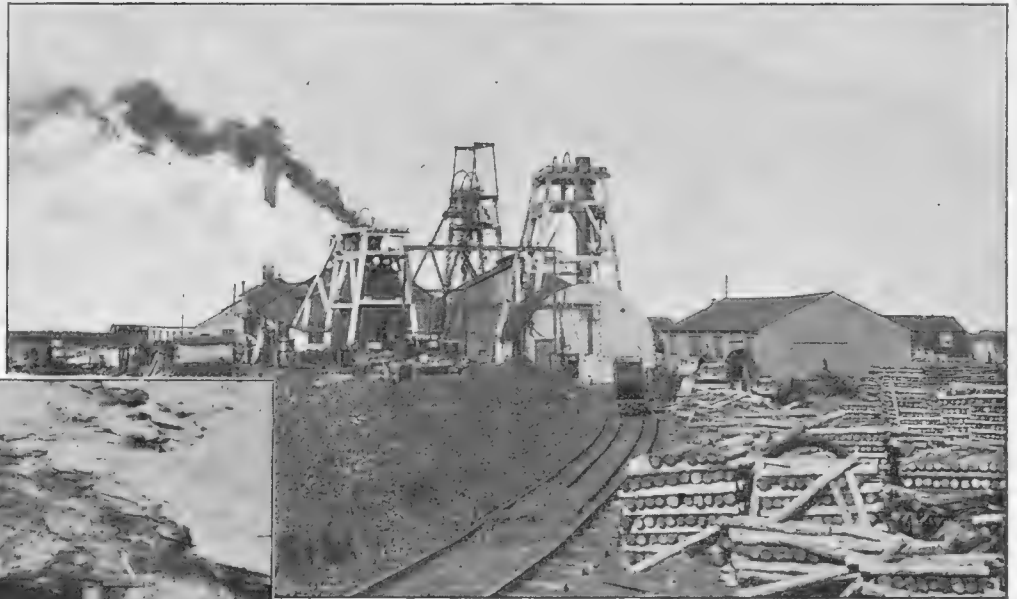
recommended that a Joint Committee, representing the Ministry of Transport and the Department of Mines, together with the Railways and the Coal Industry itself, should be appointed to go into the matter and to propose detailed measures of improvement. The Committee was appointed accordingly. It went into the matter. And it has never emerged. Three years have passed; the Committee has issued no report; there has been no action; this question also is "under consideration."

MINERS' SUSPICIONS

NOW is the period when it would have been wise for the employers to make every effort to win the confidence and the goodwill of the workpeople. The miners'

figures are lower than they should be, the miners' wages are lower than they should be. The practice of selling the coal at "transfer prices" to allied undertakings is already widely prevalent, and, for reasons quite sound in themselves, it is likely to grow. It would not be difficult, by substituting a slightly different method of calculation, on the line proposed by the Royal Commission, to remove the suspicions of the workpeople. But this is not being done.

At most of the mines there is no regular, authorised system of conference between the management and the men. There is no recognised opportunity for presenting grievances, making suggestions and removing causes of discontent. In other industries,



Between the lumps of coal as they come up the pit-shaft, and the many separate products which can be derived from them for ultimate use, there lies a vast opportunity. In that field a rich harvest may be gathered by the chemist, the physicist and the engineer.

scientific use of coal becomes elaborated, the more important it is that the purchaser should know with precision what his coal contains. The point may seem highly technical, the suggestion somewhat far-fetched; the fact remains that to provide means for informing the customer of the exact composition of the particular mineral he is buying—for the variations are very wide—may make all the difference between the success and the failure of our coal trade.

The Royal Commission raised the question of establishing an official system for sampling and analysing the coal that is to be sold abroad. Three years have gone by; investigation has been made; all the Government Departments and trade organisations that are concerned have been called into conference. And there the matter stands. It is still "under consideration."

So also with the question of the railway transport of coal. It has been proved beyond possibility of dispute that our customary methods are slow, wasteful and costly; involving the unnecessary employment of many millions of pounds of capital, and so subjecting our coal-mines to an obvious handicap when matched against the more economical methods of competing countries on the Continent. The Royal Commission

unions are, for the time being, weakened and impotent; they have been almost ruined, mainly through the lack of foresight and of moral courage among their own leaders. Until they recover—and there can be little doubt that they will recover—they can bring no effective pressure to bear upon the mine-owners. This is the very time when the employers could best take steps to dissipate the antagonism which has for so long been rife among the miners. They are under no duress, and it is for that very reason that they could act with the most effect.

General expressions of goodwill and sympathy, and earnest appeals for a spirit of co-operation are futile unless they are accompanied by definite measures for the removal of real grievances. There are certain things which clearly need doing. The miners have a deeply-rooted suspicion that the figures on which their wages are based, figures of the earnings of the mines, are often not fair to them.

Much of the coal is disposed of by transfer to companies or agents allied to the mining companies; and the miners believe that the prices accepted may not be those that would be realised in the open market. If these

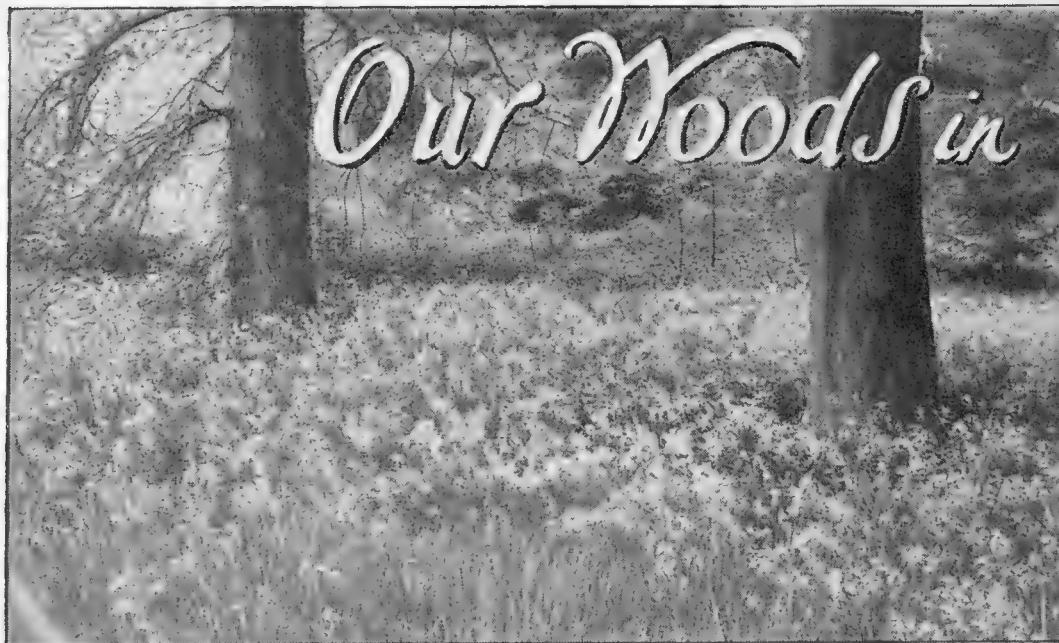
many firms and enterprises have established Joint Works Committees, or their equivalent—among them the Post Office, the Midland Railway and some of the largest private concerns in the country. Wherever these Committees exist they have been found most useful; they are effective agencies for removing misunderstandings and promoting co-operation. Nowhere are they more needed than at the coal pits. Here again no action is being taken.

The introduction of schemes of profit-sharing of various kinds, has been a not less powerful influence, wherever it has been tried, for promoting industrial peace and goodwill. The mine-owners make no movement in that direction.

TOO MUCH PATIENCE

AND so through almost the whole list of possible reforms. Time goes by. A little is done here and there. Particular firms show an admirable spirit of enterprise. But over the greater part of the field, inefficiencies continue; obvious grievances remain unredressed; there is an absence of energy, a lack of driving-force, which augurs not well for the future. If we are asked what has been accomplished in the last three years, we may recall Speaker Popham's answer, when Queen Elizabeth asked him "What hath passed in the House of Commons, Mr. Speaker?" "May it please Your Majesty," he said, "six weeks have passed."

We are a very patient nation. Perhaps too patient.



Bluebells make a beautiful carpet for the woodlands in Spring.

A NEW carpet of blue covers the floor of the woods, reminding us once more of the glories of an English spring. As far as the eye can see, the mass of bluebell blossom stands, here and there touched to the brilliancy of purple by the sun, but under the shadow of the trees dulled to a tint which pleases by force of contrast. In some of the woods of Surrey and Sussex, you may go literally for miles over a sea of this brilliant blue, only interspersed with the remnants of last year's bracken and the white of the wood anemones.

The eye refuses to see the individual bluebells. When it is at last compelled to concentrate on the spike, it fails to find the stalk that supports it.

The curly head of the flower seems suspended on wings. We almost expect to see it go tumbling up skyward like the speckled wood butterflies rising here and there in pairs that gyrate so rapidly as to cheat the eye into the belief that there are four instead of two. But the bluebells await their bees in their countless ranks, merely nodding as though in amused impatience at their too rough impatience for the honey.

AN ENGLISH FLOWER.

TRADITION ascribes the bluebell to Scotland. In that country it has in olden times been the symbol of political faith, and even the subject of poetical thought. Yet just as the harebell is to the Scotsman, and the shamrock to the Irish, so is the bluebell to us. We do not want to find another name for it.

Perhaps the chief note of the bluebell is its triumphant abundance. It is a flower that children have been picking eagerly for a thousand springs. Yet it survives in

apparently unabated luxuriance. Long after the near approach of a town has exterminated many another flower equally coveted, the wild hyacinth spreads its rosettes and sends up its blossoms in their accustomed places. They come up among the rubbish with which the builder strews the back yard, and blossom, if we let them, more sturdily, but with a slight paleness, at the edges of our garden paths. Nothing but the removal of the trees daunts them. By unseen means they leap from one wood to another, and "bring the heavens down to earth" there also.

None of the ordinary methods of cultivation are necessary for the bluebell to achieve its triumphs. So far from having stings, spikes, or a hard stem to resist attack, its flower-stalk is obligingly severed, so that at the slightest pull it comes up from the root, with a long white butt.

It suffers itself to be gathered in sheaves that the child's arms can scarcely enfold, and still its battalions confess no diminution.

OVERWHELMING SEED SUPPLY.

EQUALLY the bluebell discards the principles of extreme insurance of cross fertilisation, of specialised means of seed-disposal, and of great multitude of seeds. Here and there, the sea of laughing bluebells is about to be splashed with the bright crimson of a purple orchid.

The "long purple" has the orchid's usual elaborate machinery of fertilisation, which the children delight to make fun of by pushing straws along the insect's path and extracting the pollinia. A single spike of bloom results in an almost fabulous number of seeds—outnumbering that of several thousand bluebells.

Our Woods in Spring

By E.T. Brown

The bluebell is among the most abundant of flowers. Although it is picked eagerly it still survives in unabated luxuriance.

The bluebell, with its two or three hundred large, black, shiny seeds, proclaiming its distant affinity to the onion, is excellently equipped for a struggle wherein strength counts for more than cunning.

The wind of autumn probably scatters the seed a few feet from stiff seed-cases of the parent plant, so that the migrating power of the species amounts to less than a yard a year. Nevertheless, it has managed to overrun a very large portion of the earth, being known throughout temperate Europe and Asia. Much of its travelling was obviously done in prehistoric times, when there were no British Isles, very little Atlantic, and when woodlands were far more general than they are now.

OTHER WOODLAND FLOWERS.

BUT the bluebell is not our only woodland flower. There are others which are equally lovely. In some of the drier portions another lily, the sweet-smelling lily of the valley, is sending up myriads of leaves rolled into points, within which the little peals of ivory bells are in process of being made. Solomon's seal, also claiming near relationship, towers its larger growth in these drier tracts.

The damper flats down by the stream, too, are unoccupied by the hyacinth. They are reserved for a third member of the order, which has a peculiar triumph of its own. It is to send up an umbel of such pretty stars of white blossoms that one or two of them must always be picked.

There are other lily wonders to be found in the wood. Here is one that has grown to timber, whose apparent leaves are fiercely spiked at the tip, and bear blossoms and afterwards berries in the middle of the blade. But the botanist says that the butcher's broom has no leaves, and that these flat things fulfilling the function of leaves are its branches. The grape hyacinth, May lily and tulip would easily be recognised as belonging to the order, from each one's affinity to one or other of the species already named.

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Santolina viridis, or Holy Flax, makes a good display among the rocks.

By Marion Cran

Rock gardens make an interesting subject and may be made to look extremely . . . beautiful . . .



Dwarf pinks, dianthus caestus splendens, thrive in a rock garden.

The "CRAZY" Plants

AMONG the stones of the flagged garden path, the rock garden, and the low dry walls, grow those adorable intimates which the learned call Alpines, and we at home know more affectionately as our "crazy" plants. Coloured bosses of saxifrage, sedum, arabis, erica, campanulas, dianthus, daisies, thrifts, thymes, flax, candytuft, yarrows and veronicas—or flat fine carpets of *raoulia australis* with its silvery sheen, *arenaria balearica* green as moss, and close fine thymes and mint.

TREATMENT OF ROCK PLANTS.

NOW that the first flowering of this tardy Spring is passing, these are the plants which show the earliest sign of fatigue. On the rock garden and among the big flat stones we find rusty and overgrown places; they show there more pathetically than anywhere else, for in the beds and borders a rising tide of larger growth is overwhelming the fading firstlings which were so welcome in the young of the year.

While some of the rock plants grow rusty and shabby, as, for instance the lovely winter-blooming heather and brilliant aubretias, others are making vigorous sprawling growth which threatens to overwhelm more delicate neighbours; double arabis, *helianthemums*, *alyssum saxatile*, and the perennial candytuft we call *iberis*, are some of these offenders.

For diverse reasons the best treatment for all of these is cutting back. In the case of the heather and aubretias the rusty look comes from myriads of brown seed vessels; if these are cut right back the plants are saved from the exhausting processes of seed-bearing and will then send up neat fresh growths for next year's blooming; the shingled

plants look bare for a little while but in a surprisingly quick time they make the new growth which is most refreshing to see, so neat and trim.

The shortening back of the long shoots in the case of the rampant growing arabis, *helianthemums*, etc., is necessary to save the other rock plants from getting smothered; as soon as they are cut back new growths come from the centre of the plants and they renew their youth in compact clean greenery.



Another species of dianthus which shows up well in rocky surroundings.

The shoots which have been shorn away are very easy to root in a cold frame, and so it comes to pass that the pruning of the "crazies" after bloom time is past, offers an opportunity for great increase of plants next year.

The winter blooming heather is very grateful for a sifting of some fine leafmould and sand among its clipped woody stems, the young growths push up out of this kind medium with a very gratified expression.

ROOT DIVISION.

IGROW my winter heather in a long narrow border by itself next a flagged path, with nothing of a herbaceous rooting character to interfere with it. The only companions of that narrow border are snowdrops, which come first of all, and purple croci which bloom in all their rich splendour at the same time as *erica Carnea* and *darleyensis*. They strike a very joyful note in the early Spring, winning many an exclamation of surprised delight from folk who turn a corner suddenly and come upon them unawares.

Some of the shorn rock-plants will give some few blooms once more in Autumn upon their young growth; I have often found a fair sprinkling of aubretia, and graceful sprays of the white double arabis to put among the flowers of an autumn posy.

It will soon be time to divide those rock plants which are to be lifted because they have grown too big and crowded to flower well. Directly flowering is over is the best time to propagate by root division.

The geums and erigerons, heucheras and polyanthus are exceedingly easy to increase; when one lifts the old plants crowded with abundant flowering crowns they come apart quite easily and at the end of each lusty crown we can see the fibrous young shoots reaching out hairy fingers for a new piece of soil to grow in.

Problems of Old Masters

By R. H. Wilenski

Recent controversy on the authenticity of a Romney portrait adds greatly to the interest of the following article in which our contributor deals with the problems which confront experts.

WITH the great increase in the value of old masters that has taken place in recent years all problems connected with the authenticity of pictures that come into the market have become proportionately important. Many a man of means is willing to back his fancy when a picture is offered to him for £50 or even £500, but when £5,000 or £50,000 is asked he not unnaturally desires to know all that can be known about the picture before he writes his cheque.

THE EXPERT'S PROBLEM.

MANY people imagine that there are only two classes of picture to be distinguished by the expert—the original and the forgery. But in point of fact of course there are (a) pictures entirely by the master's hand, (b) pictures painted in the master's studio by his pupils from his designs and under his supervision and often touched up by the master himself, (c) contemporary copies of old pictures, (d) later copies, (e) restored pictures, (f) modern copies, and (g) forgeries, i.e., pictures deliberately painted to deceive.

The expert's problem is to decide to which category any given work belongs; and there are two main types of expert, each approaching the problem in a different way.

THE TWO SCHOOLS.

EXPERTS of one type rely on what may be called the criterion of style; they have a wide knowledge of the contents of the great museums and private collections, and a close acquaintance with the finest known examples by the artists in whose work they specialise, and they claim to be able to recognise the hand of any given master when they see it.

Experts of the

other type rely on what may be called the criterion of substance; and they use X-rays and Violet Rays and apply chemical tests to the substance of which the picture is composed.

MIND OR MATTER.

THERE is, incidentally, a permanent feud between the apostles of the two methods of approach. The "style" experts say that a work of art by a fine artist is bound to be imbued with the personality of that artist and bound to exhibit his individual methods of work; they admit that a completely modern forgery can be exposed by chemical tests, but they claim that such a forgery would be apparent to their trained eye without the test.

To these apostles of mind the apostles of matter reply that a picture is fundamentally a material object—an arrangement of paint on wood or canvas; all considerations of style, they maintain, are mere conjecture until they are confirmed by the evidence of the date and character of the work's actual substance.

"We," they say, "can tell you *what* the thing is, and *when* it was made. There are certain pigments now universally used by artists that were

invented less than a hundred years ago; chemical tests will reveal the existence of these pigments or alternatively will prove their absence; X-rays will record the density of the pigment in different parts of the picture; and Violet rays will set up characteristic efflorescences. When we have done our work the "style" critics may come in and tell you, if they can, exactly who painted the picture—within, that is, the circle of possibility drawn by our scientific tests."

OPTIMISTS.

THE truth is, I fear, that both sets of students are to some extent optimists. All experts work empirically. They all say: "These characteristics can be seen in ten objects the history of which is known. This new example shows the same characteristics. Therefore it is an object of the same kind." In saying this they are probably right—but the sober fact is that the "probably" means that they may also be wrong.

Against the "stylistic" critics we can set our experience of the imitations of one modern artist's style by another (by a clever woman pupil for example) which demonstrate that stylistic characteristics can be reproduced with success; and against the apostles of substance we must remember that the examination of old masters by X-rays is a recent science, and that the body of evidence collected is still so small that only negative conditions can be based upon it with much confidence.

Yet, members of each of these schools continue to insist that their method is the best, and the only reliable one.



Gainsborough's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Graham, which is in the National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh.



"La Belle Ferronnière," by Leonardo da Vinci, about which a dispute raged in America regarding its authenticity.

"LA BELLE FERRONNIERE."

THE failure of both types of expert judgment to solve an artistic problem beyond the possibility of doubt has been shown in the recent case in New York.

Here Mrs. Hahn, the owner of a version of the picture known as "La Belle Ferronnière" in the Louvre, maintained that her



Broad cracks make their appearance in due course on a modern picture, whereas in the old masters the cracks are much finer and sometimes hardly visible without the aid of a magnifying glass.

version was by the hand of Leonardo and Sir Joseph Duveen maintained that it was not. Experts of high standing gave evidence on both sides. The evidence ranged from vague and detailed considerations of style to X-ray prints of the Louvre and the Hahn versions.

Sir Joseph Duveen's counsel, Mr. White-side, addressing the jury, said that the X-ray photographs proved that Mrs. Hahn's picture was a copy, because in the Louvre version the necklace was shown to have been painted on the top of the completed throat and in Mrs. Hahn's version the jewels and throat were all painted at the same time; Mrs. Hahn's counsel, Mr. Miller, said to the jury: "You are twelve sensible men and won't be fooled by art"; and in the end the jury disagreed.

WORKING TOGETHER.

FOR the true solution of an old master problem the two types of expert should work hand in hand. The trained eye of the student of styles and the mechanical precision of the scientific tests should be able, working together, to demonstrate whether the picture is entirely old or entirely new, or partly old and partly restored.

After that stage, in my view, the scientific methods are of no further use; all the finer points, upon which the allocation to a particular master depends, can only be decided by a man who has specially studied the differences in handling and the differences in mental attitude between the master in question and his various pupils; and there are experts in certain schools—Mr. Alec Martin is one of them—who can tell the work of one pupil from another, and in certain cases also of one forger from another.

THE WESTMINSTER REMBRANDTS.

IT was just such a point of final identification that was raised recently by the distinguished expert Mr. P. G. Konody in respect of the two portraits by Rembrandt of a man and a woman (formerly called portraits of Nicholas Berchem and his wife) which the Duke of Westminster lent to the Dutch Exhibition some time after the exhibition opened.

These pictures were brought to England in about 1804 by a dealer named Delahante and they were sold to Lord Grosvenor as by Rembrandt. There is no suggestion that the pictures are forgeries or modern copies. The question raised is whether they are the work of Rembrandt himself or one of his pupils and in the latter case which pupil was responsible.

Mr. Konody is convinced that they are not the work of the master's own hand. He bases his view on a number of points—one being that the surface of the pictures does not exhibit the characteristic "cracking" that is usually seen in Rembrandt's own pictures.

CRACKS—OLD AND NEW.

THIS is not the place to discuss this thorny question. But the point of the "craquelure" demands perhaps a word of explanation. Many people imagine that all pictures that are cracked are "old masters." This is so far from true that it is almost the opposite of the truth. The surface of old oil paintings is indeed nearly always covered with very small cracks, but these cracks are so fine that one scarcely notices them unless one looks very closely at the picture. On the other hand, pictures painted in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by artists who used bitumen to get rich golden effects are often covered with deep rectangular cracks that are very obvious. Such cracks are seen in many of the pictures by Reynolds. Broad, deep cracks also occur when the artist has used some quick-drying medium with his colours, as the medium sucks up the oil and the pigment consequently contracts.

I reproduce here an example of this type of cracking in a modern picture from a photograph supplied to me by the well-known restorer, Mr. Harry Reeve; and, speaking generally, the deeper and broader the cracks in a disputed work the less likely the picture is to be an "old master."

RESTORERS.

MANY picture restorers are extremely good experts on the material side. But though restorers have done much harm to old pictures their service in their capacity of cleaners is essential.

The National Gallery cleaners have also unearthed some masterpieces which had been thought to be copies.

Thus Titian's "Venus and Adonis" was regarded as a studio replica of a picture in the Prado in Madrid till it was cleaned some years ago when the actual brushmarks of Titian himself indicating alterations in the design were discovered.

Finally it must be remembered that hardly any old master in the National Gallery or any other museum or private collection has escaped damage in the course of the centuries that have passed since it was painted; all, or practically all, have had to be repaired at some time or another; and when we think of the fate of our own household goods in a space of ten or twenty years this is anything but surprising.

Many celebrated pictures, moreover, have had strange adventures. In wars and revolutions they have been taken from their stretchers and rolled up, and Gainsborough's loveliest work, the portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Graham in the National Gallery of Scotland, lay for nearly sixty years in the back room of a London warehouse because the sitter had died soon after it was painted and the husband could not bear to have the portrait in the house.



One of the Nation's treasures—"Venus and Adonis," by Titian, in the National Gallery—which was regarded as a replica until it had been cleaned.

John Galsworthy and some Others

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD

IT is significant that this characteristically German monograph on Galsworthy should have been written, and so fairly written. Galsworthy has much in his methods and philosophy which the orderly German mind would in its pre-war state have found not only distasteful but actually unintelligible. What has revolutionised the psychological relationship of the two peoples is; however, precisely the fact that the Germans have come to appreciate (because they have had practical cause to) and even to understand in a measure just those qualities in our own race which are characteristic of Galsworthy.

They are, of course, just the qualities not to be found in Wilde, Shaw, Byron and Wells, two Irishmen and two disgruntled Anglo-Saxons who have hitherto represented English literature to the conventional Continental mind. The first of these qualities is the distrust of reason, the second, a distrust of expressions of sentiment, the third an instinctive respect for institutions, even when they appear to operate unfairly to individuals, and the fourth, an ultimate personal sympathy for individuals even when they behave unfairly to institutions. The first two characteristics are brought home very clearly and forcibly in Mr. Schalt's book, which is worth reading and worth buying not so much for what he says but for the admirable way in which he allows Galsworthy to speak for himself.

GALSWORTHY'S ATTITUDE.

THE story of the great *Forsyte Saga* and its sequel *The Modern Comedy* is so told that without excessive quotation we get the mind of Galsworthy in its calm ironic and sympathetic progress down the years. Indeed, so easily does Mr. Schalt escape the pernicious vices of most modern literary biographers who use a living author as a peg for their own dead views, that he errs by taking Galsworthy just a shade too much at his own valuation.

Galsworthy's attitude to life is, as I have said, essentially English in its fundamental decency and its equally fundamental realism. It is the clash between these two lines of approach (both not merely right but necessary in the man of culture, when he is, like most cultivated Englishmen but unlike many cultivated Europeans of other races, a man of imaginative sensibility) which produces the dramas of ironic contrast for which Galsworthy is famous.

But, at the beginning of his life, Galsworthy without doubt was less of a realist and more of an idealist. The history of Galsworthy's intellectual development is surely to be found in his attitude to Soames Forsyte, whom he began by hating and ended by loving. The reason is not far

to seek. In the author's youth, Victorian institutions, their family trusts, their marriage settlements, their investments, their morality, their great 18-roomed houses, seemed secure. Art languished; Consols were steady. To crush an individual life for the sake of slavish devotion to principles which no one challenged seemed brutal—not decent, in other words. Now, when the happiness of thousands is being ruined by the decay of mere old-fashioned virtue, the individual suffering caused by an occasional insistence on old-fashioned standards in conduct and business receives short shrift. Even the escaped convict unjustly condemned is sent back to prison by the post-war Galsworthy with hardly a sigh of regret.

CONTEMPT FOR LOGIC.

THERE is another curious change. As Mr. Schalt very acutely points out, in the earlier *Forsyte Saga*, Irene and Bosinney, the representatives of the individualist's "ideal" are seen only in their accusing relationship to the gods of property, law and respectability. Of their physical passion, of any weaker moments, nothing is told or hinted. They have a translucent quality. In the later saga, the ardent and unrestrained disciples of illicit passion have lost for the author this romantic quality. His sympathy remains, but his illusions have gone.

And yet he remains as distrustful as ever of mere reason. It is indeed the intuitively realised need for irrational institutions, and not any barren chain of imagined causality, which have worked such changes as have taken place in Mr. Galsworthy's sympathies.

A contempt for logic pushed to indecent extremes was and remains his fundamental characteristic; the eternal poet in the eternal Englishman defies the critic's analysis as inevitably as it defied Von Schlieffen's great war plan and Falkenhayn's drive against the Ypres salient.

For the Germans to have appreciated this intangible quality, classified it, almost annotated it, is to prove almost that the war was not fought in vain. Already I suspect that Mr. Schalt knows more about Galsworthy than most Englishmen. That is why everyone should read his book.

IMPRESSIONISTIC JOTTINGS.

TO pass from the topic of Mr. Galsworthy's literary philosophy to the consideration of a novel like Mr. George Blake's *Path to Glory* is difficult. The one is

all attitude, all significance, the other is a series of impressionistic jottings in a notebook. Personally, I am immensely grateful to Mr. Blake. He has explained to me in a way which no soldier has ever done why the brave 52nd Division made such a chaotic muddle of their attack on July 15th, 1915, at Gallipoli. The light he throws on the mentality of Scottish Lowland Territorials and on their relationship with their officers is cruel, searching and, in the light of the hitherto inexplicable facts, plausible.

As it happens, I know every yard of the ground which Mr. Blake describes and shared with his hero in the same trenches the nightmare experience of the two days' fighting which he describes. It is finely told. But is it worth while? For me, yes! But for the general public? They will surely read a unique episode as significant. Actually, in the whole history of the war, there was no more extraordinary episode than the adventure of the 52nd Division on July 15th, 1915.

"A CLOSE-UP."

TO this day, close students of war, poring over maps, with official histories by the dozen and personal records by the score, are still wondering what happened. Mr. Blake has told us. But are the effects of a particular kind of faulty training and a particular kind of bad leadership on a particularly obstinate, brave and self-centred type of personality fitting subjects for a novel? Mr. Blake appears to imagine that the incredible experiences of the 52nd Division in peculiar circumstances were typical of the lot of the poor and illiterate in a capitalists' war. This is fundamentally untrue.

Or perhaps he imagines instead that every particular has a universal significance? This may be so, but it is not the same significance as it would be if it were not particular but universal. War cannot be seen at close quarters. Mr. Blake, in publishing at this date a "close up" taken so many years ago, has challenged criticism which may seem ungenerous but is not so intended. His book shows a more than remarkable descriptive power and a generous sympathy. All his geese are swans (except when they are officers) and his only fault is that he forgets that other people's swans were not all geese.

TWO OTHER NOVELS.

MISS Anne Douglas Sidgwick's *Dark Hester* shows all the familiar and sophisticated charm of *The Little French Girl*.

Mr. Frank Thiess's *The Devil's Shadow*, on the other hand, is neither charming nor sophisticated. The author mistakes a few decayed trees for the ruin of a forest.

BOOKS TO READ.

Official History of the War: Gallipoli. Vol. I, by BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. F. ASPINALL-OGLANDER, C.B., C.M.S., D.S.O. (Heinemann, 15s. net.)

The Cambridge History of the British Empire. Edited by T. HOLLAND ROSE, A. P. NEWTON and E. A. BENIANS. Vol. I. "The Old Empire from the Beginnings to 1783." (Cambridge University Press, 35s. net.)

Field-Marshal Earl Haig, by BRIG.-GENERAL T. CHARTERIS. (Cassell, 25s.)

My Ancestors, by the EX-KAISER WILHELM II. (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.)

Topsy, M.P., by A. P. HERBERT. (Benn, 6s.)

Women Are Like That, by E. M. DELAFIELD. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

Best Detective Stories of 1928, Edited by FATHER R. KNOX and H. HANINGTON. (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.)

The Old Cottages and Farmhouses of Norfolk. By CLAUDE J. W. MESSENT. (H. W. Hunt, Norwich.)

Woman's Section

Edited by Julia Cairns

Femininity Goes to the HEAD

Alike with afternoon dresses and evening gowns, the millinery modes of the moment are becoming more and more feminised. And who regrets it?



Photos:
Bertram Park
Hats by
Helen Barvie,
Bond Street

For the tailored suit this model is so becoming. It is of black felt with contrasting straw in the colour of ripening corn—a soft yellow, but one which is in no way difficult to wear. With the wider brim on the right and the intriguing little bow on the left, it assumes an air of subtle sophistication.



Made in soft and easily-swathable black satin, piped in ivory, this model can be adapted to suit almost any features which can wear the close-fitting shape. Tied at the back in an amusing little bow, it is admirable for the afternoon ensemble, or restaurant dinner, but—

THE question of new fashions for a new season begins to come up in February with the crocuses. March has been described as the month of Mannequin Parades, but April is the month when all that's new in hats crowds to the front of the shop windows, for when the sun begins to shine millinery that has withstood the fogs of the winter season is a sad, sad sight and not at all in tune with the fresh spring feeling in the air.

Hats, like frocks, are interesting affairs to-day, in other words, they are more feminine and individual than has been the case for some time past,



—omit tying the bow, and draw the sides to fit snugly over the ears, fixing the ends neatly at the back, and there you have quite the most ideal travelling model it is possible to imagine—negligible in weight, and so chic!

and shapes are so "infinite in their variety" that every woman should be able to find one that is becoming to her own particular type. Those that are low of crown and have a certain amount of brim are, perhaps, first favourites at the moment, but the close-fitting, cap-like shape that follows the line of the head, made of straw, satin, or silk-Jersey, has also a wide appeal. For sports wear, simple little untrimmed shapes still prevail, carried out in felt and straw, but two materials usually go to the making of the models that are designed to do duty with afternoon frocks. Baku, soft and flexible, is the most fashionable of the straws, and it is combined effectively with velvet, with satin, with crêpe-de-Chine, even with felt, in the form of applications and edgings.

Brims are with us again, pursuing, like the hem lines of frocks, a picturesque and uneven course.

Some attractive wide-brimmed models are made of fine felt with the edge, band, and bow of the new transparent straw; others, their brims amusingly pleated at one side, are made of printed crêpe-de-Chine and have matching scarves; others again, carried out in "Exotic" straw (rather coarser than Baku) are draped with shantung in a tricolour effect, and are also sold with scarves *en suite*.



Particular interest attaches to the model above with its drapery at the normal waist, because it combines a tunic effect with the new Princess line. It is carried out in pale rose crêpe-de-Chine and two stiff little bouquets of mixed flowers are posed at the side, the drapery being arranged in the form of godets. An ideal frock for the tall woman, whether she is plump or slender, for it is most graceful in style and the lines are cleverly broken. (Germaine Lecomte.)

PARIS had some interesting secrets to disclose before Easter, but that does not mean that the flow of ideas, nor the stream of models that are their outcome, have ceased to charm the world. Every day, almost every hour, the great designers create something new, and the knowledgeable woman, realising that there are perhaps "greater things to come," does not expend the whole of her dress allowance at the first collections.

FOR sports and morning wear, Louise Boulanger has created a most original little suit, illustrated on the left of the opposite page, carried out in *étamine de laine*, one of the season's new materials. This, although it has all the appearance of a two-piece, has the flaring skirt, which is made

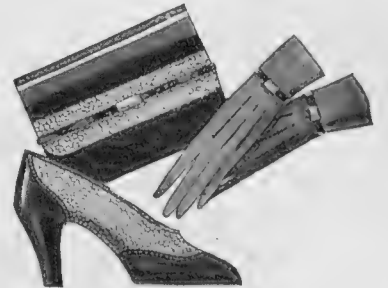
Accessories are Important Too

And as "infinite" in their
variety as frocks and suits

By MARJORY CHARLTON

with godet pleats at either side, cut in one with the originally designed bodice. The short jacket is sleeveless and it is edged with a new ribbed fabric, known as *Lisééré Schiaparelli*. A Paris house that specialises in things sporting has created, too, a delightful little ensemble, fashioned of a beige *chiné* woollen fabric. The short, loose jacket is cut with a yoke of triangular design; the green and orange scarf, belonging to the accompanying blouse of green *shantung* is worn in place of a collar and a big orange coloured handkerchief emerges from one of the pockets, which are triangular shaped in unison with the yoke.

Martial et Armand are responsible for something interesting in tailor suits, made of navy-wool poplin, the jacket, belted in front only, following the Princess line,



For the tailor-made suit—Shoes and bag in fawn coloured leather with insertions of water snake-skin. The gilt wrist-band on fawn coloured chamois gloves matches the clasp of the bag.



For the simple summer frock. A scarf of striped foulard, knotted Lavalier fashion, with a matching bag and a necklace of "Chronium" and gaily coloured beads.



For afternoon wear—Bag and shoes of brown antelope piped with patent leather, the former bearing the owner's initials in diamante, and the latest "pull-on" glove of beige suede.



For evening—Something new in necklaces, wrought in paste, alternated with opaque crystal beads, and a "wrist" handkerchief in varying shades of chiffon.

in that it is a little shorter in the front than the back and the skirt is slightly shaped at the sides.

FROM Jenny comes something new in afternoon ensembles (see it on the opposite page, centre), a frock and three-quarter length coat expressed in *crêpe-de-Chine* in two shades of blue, navy and powder, the lighter one being used for the top part of the bodice, half the collar and the wide, deep cuffs. Flat flounces on the skirt of the coat, you will observe, whilst inverted pleats at each side lend freedom to the skirt, as the wearer moves, for this model sponsors the straight silhouette.

This house is also stressing the importance of lace and not for draped frocks only. Quite one of the most interesting models in their latest collection being almost tailored in aspect. It is shown on the opposite page on the right, expressed in black lace of the waxed variety, over a black satin foundation, the bodice cut with a basque and the skirt godet-pleated in front. The collar and cuffs of stiff, white piqué contrast amusingly with the lace, likewise the narrow patent leather belt, finished with a bow.

EVENING frocks are becoming more and more interesting as the season advances, "all sorts" making the World of Fashion this season. One of Germaine Lecomte's suggestions (see the model on the left) is pale rose crêpe-de-Chine, draped princess-fashion just above the natural waistline, the décolletage round, and the bodice cut cross-ways to follow the line of the side drapery. Each slanting flounce flares into godets at the side, where it is secured by stiff little bouquets of flowers, and the hem line, of course, is irregular.

One of Drecol-Beer's nicest models is a close-fitting princess affair, made of black tulle, the full, flowing skirt dipping to the ground in points at the back, and being cut in godets in front. The bodice is worked with a geometrical design in absinthe green velvet, diamante embroidered.

SO much for "the new idea" in frocks and suits. There is the question of accessories to be taken into consideration too, for in the up-to-date dress parade these are every bit as important as the actual models; of many of them, indeed, they are the making. You must never, never skimp on accessories, if you want to number yourself among the well-dressed; go, rather, short of one frock, however tempted you may be.

Don't suppose, for instance, that you can get through the season with just one evening bag, no matter how attractive it is, for the newest variety invariably match shoes.

And, in the daytime, one finds not only bags matching shoes, but scarves and hats too, and also belts and bags en suite. Even gloves follow the general feeling for matching; the semi-precious jewellery, in the form of necklaces and bracelets, that is so much the vogue at the moment stresses the colour note of the dress with which it is worn; indeed, attention to detail is one of the keynotes of this season's fashions.

IF proof were needed that accessories are "infinite in their variety" this season, it is to be found among the illustrations on the opposite page.

The top group, destined for afternoon wear, shows a becoming shoe, long in the vamp, and cut out at the sides,



An intriguing model that, though the medium is black waxed lace over a black satin foundation, is designed on severe, almost tailored lines, the bodice cut with a basque and the skirt godet pleated. The collar and cuffs of stiff white piqué and the black patent belt contrast amusingly with the lace. (Lucile Paray.)

Crêpe-de-Chine, in navy and powder blue, is used for this afternoon ensemble that sponsors the straight silhouette. The frock, though it has all the appearance of a two-piece, is in reality cut all in one, and the three-quarter length coat is made with flat flounces. Note the new high-waisted effect. (Jenny.)



Here is something very, very new in two-pieces. A two-piece of beige étamine de laine, one of the season's new materials. The short coat, of original cut, is sleeveless, and is bordered with liséré, and the skirt has the fashionable flare. (Louise Boulanger.)

made of brown antelope, with a black heel, and narrow borders of black patent leather.

The pochette bag, en suite, sufficiently large to be practical, yet small enough to be easily carried, bears the owner's initial in diamante in the centre. Brown is only one colour suggestion, of course. Black, navy blue, and beige are others that suggest themselves, with contrasting pipings.

The gloves are buttonless and are worn pulled up over the close-fitting sleeves of the frock.

The next group depicts a bag, scarf, and necklace, suitable for wear with the debonair little sports suits that all the Smart World favours in the morning.

The scarf, for which reddish brown foulard, striped orange and yellow, is used, is cut on the cross, so that it can be worn knotted as a Lavalier tie in the fashionable manner. The bag matches, and the short choker necklace is made of "Chronium," a new steel coloured composition, alternated with beads that tone in with the red and orange shades of the scarf and bag.

Peter and Petunia

By Margaret Bovill

*Babies together, the twins gradually began
to take an interest in and enjoy life.*

*By degrees they emerged from babyhood
and began to reason. "They'll never
be babies again," said their mother.*

"THEY'RE always doing it," said Jemima the nursemaid, taking their thumbs out of their mouths, "an' as stubborn. Just see that!"

Both the thumbs were back again.

They belonged to Peter and Petunia. Their mother smiled at the twins' obstinacy as she looked at them and wondered about them. As yet they seemed very far away, although their bodies were so near and in her special care. How often the owners of a lovely garden steal timidly into it, barely daring to inhale the full fragrance of a rose—because of the head-gardener. And so it is with many mothers in their nurseries. They are only permitted a "whiff," so to speak, of their babies.

THE Adam babies had been in the world a very short time. Every day they became a little more conscious of it. Sunshine on their bare flesh pleased them, the warm sweet taste of milk, the rapture of a kick. They spent most of the day out of doors, snugly tucked up in their cradles. All round were the shadows of swaying trees, the songs of birds, colour and light and wind, and the scudding clouds. At first they were less conscious than puppies, but they could absorb sensations, pleasant or unpleasant, and any loud noise disturbed them. Jemima's voice did.

"How would you like to be waked up in Heaven," said Mrs. Adam, "by the sound of a gramophone?"

Jemima giggled.

"I'm sure I hope, mum," she said, "I may be."

The twins enjoyed being alive. They did not think, but they *felt*—more and more. On the plastic scroll of their unconscious minds an indelible impression formed; of happiness, and soon they grew aware that other people existed. When Petunia smiled a wide-lipped toothless smile which spread to wondering eyes, and held out her arms to her mother, she had passed the first stage of infancy. Books are written about what happens to us at that important period when we first begin to "take notice," as nurses say, and opening minds are as sensitive to impressions as a bud is to the sunshine.

Our bodies then are so weak that one wonders how they ever grow up. Yet Nature has few doubts about the difficulty, and gives the human young a vitality as immense as their helplessness. She is not a sentimental lady—in fact, she is not quite a lady. "Don't bother me about souls," one can imagine her saying, "you're nothing but animals now. Get on with it."

PETER and Petunia did so. As the months went by they ceased to look as if they were wrapt in thoughts of things

nobody else had heard of, and developed an interest in their environment. Each of them reacted to it differently. Petunia was impulsive and a little pushing; Peter was slow and very obstinate.

"Isn't the darling good-tempered!" somebody said one day as he splashed in his bath, and gurgled, and banged his fist on the water. When he was taken out, and had the inside of his mouth swabbed with a boracic rag, Peter screamed so, she thought she had been mistaken. Yet she would not have liked being forcibly removed from her own bath when she was enjoying it.

Peter's mother kissed him, and distracted his attention, and made him laugh. He had to be dried, and she knew it, and in time he knew it, too, and adapted himself to a disagreeable necessity. He was lucky to have a mother who understood, and made this painful process as easy as she could.

BOTH the babies depended on her, for Mrs. Adam left trouble on the wrong side of the nursery door. Once she had come in feeling miserable. In a very short time the vibrations of her unhappiness touched the sensitive intuition of her children; even Petunia whined. Nobody guessed what was wrong, until it suddenly occurred to their mother that perhaps she was.

That summer passed, and the autumn, and the winter. By the coming of their second summer the twins no longer regarded the universe in the light of a feeding bottle. Something besides flesh and blood with a vast urge to eat and sleep, began to unfold, rapidly in Petunia, shyly, with a hint of rarer potentialities, in Peter. Life had touched them.

Mrs. Adam stood aside as much as possible and allowed them to develop spontaneously. Nature whispers to each of us the wisest method of making friends with life. But mothers and fathers, governesses, nurses, elder brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and grandparents, are apt to try to force babies to do it in exactly the way they did. "Look, Baby!" they cry, crowding round. "Look at this," "look at that," "do this," "do that," "don't be silly," "don't be naughty"; "how wrong of baby to pull the pretty flower to bits."

And perhaps the flower is taken away, and the tiny explorer feels lonely and misunderstood.

PETER had a mechanical turn, and liked making experiments, even before he could think. Petunia preferred being amused by other people. They got on fairly well together, although he did not always wish to play with his sister. She interfered with his pursuits, perhaps a ball of string he was slowly unwinding. Petunia learned to talk

very quickly, and she was more imitative than the proverbial monkey.

"I yite," she said to a visitor, showing a scribbled piece of paper.

"Clever little girl!" the visitor answered. "And doesn't Peter want to write?"

Peter ignored her. He was busy pulling a piece of elastic in and out. Each time it came back with a wop. He did not wonder why this happened, but he liked doing it, and certainly had not copied the idea from anybody else. The stranger took his property and put it out of reach on the mantelpiece, because she thought it such a dangerous toy for a child. It was returned to him later, and hit him on the nose, which hurt, but not so badly as being robbed. Also, he learned from practical experience that it is wise to handle strange objects carefully, and find out exactly what they can do.

TIME does not exist in extreme youth. Five minutes may seem an eternity, and a year pass in a flash, when it is crammed with exciting happenings. Peter and Petunia were adventurers in a strange and delightful country, and little by little they ventured further into it. As they became more independent, their mother suffered quite a lot. She did not give way to her nervousness, letting them do things in reason, and soon they felt quite old and experienced. Peter generally went first and Petunia followed protesting, even up such perilous places as a ladder left against the garden wall. It seemed a miracle they ever got to the top, or their guardian angels must have been very close. Jock, the brown spaniel, barked so furiously at seeing his babies out of reach that Mrs. Adam came running out. She had thought they were safe for a few minutes on the lawn, and to her horror saw them in a very different place. They never knew they were in danger, for she said cheerfully—"Keep quite still. I'm coming up, too." Her knees trembled and her heart beat fast, but she did not scold them afterwards. Perhaps she may have wanted to slap, hard. If so, it was a forgivable feeling. But fear is the greatest enemy. It was wiser to have the ladder kept in the shed, and take no notice.

ON the morning of their third birthday the twins woke up feeling very excited. They began to chatter at once, and their mother came in and kissed them, and said "Many happy returns." So did Jemima. She put her present among the others, an unwieldy parcel tied up with pink ribbon. When they opened it, there was a set of saucepans inside, too large for dolls and almost large enough to be real. They were enchanted with the gift, and liked it more than anything else. After breakfast Mrs. Adam took them under some shady trees where they could play with their new possessions. It was a glorious April morning. The twins played at cooks cleaning saucepans.

Peter spat on his and rubbed it with his pinafore.

"No, Peter," said his sister importantly, "don't spit on the saucepan, spit on the rag." She used her pocket handkerchief.

Peter persisted; he felt he was right, and was no slave to convention.

Their mother heard them arguing and smiled, and then she gave a little sigh for the passing of their babyhood. Although the next part of her children's journey interested her as much as the last, she was a very human mother. "They'll never be babies again," she thought; "babies do not reason—however quaintly—Oh, dear!"

Back Answers from the Front Door

By Julia Cairns

who suggests there is more than a ready response to the query, "What sort of home inside?" to be obtained from the exterior appearance of the home in general, and the entrance in particular



And here a porch, creeper-clad, with an elm-board gable above, inset into which is a decorative plaque. Note the attractive bottle-end glass panes

ODD that front doors can be so vociferous—even in the midst of their silent, stony setting, isn't it? Yet such is true, though I feel we are sometimes apt to lose sight of this fact, apt to think that so long as all is well within, what matters without. This may have passed muster in an earlier day, but the modern tendency is to be more exacting; far more so. Thousands of home-makers are building their own homes, after their own designs and in keeping with their own tastes, and since no amount of time and consideration is counted too much to build to-day such homes as will be a pride to-morrow, it has contributed a definite stimulus towards the amelioration of the exteriors of all types of domestic architecture.

Unquestionably, it is often an indication as to the nature and character of the interior. For instance, a solidly built porch constructed of hand-made



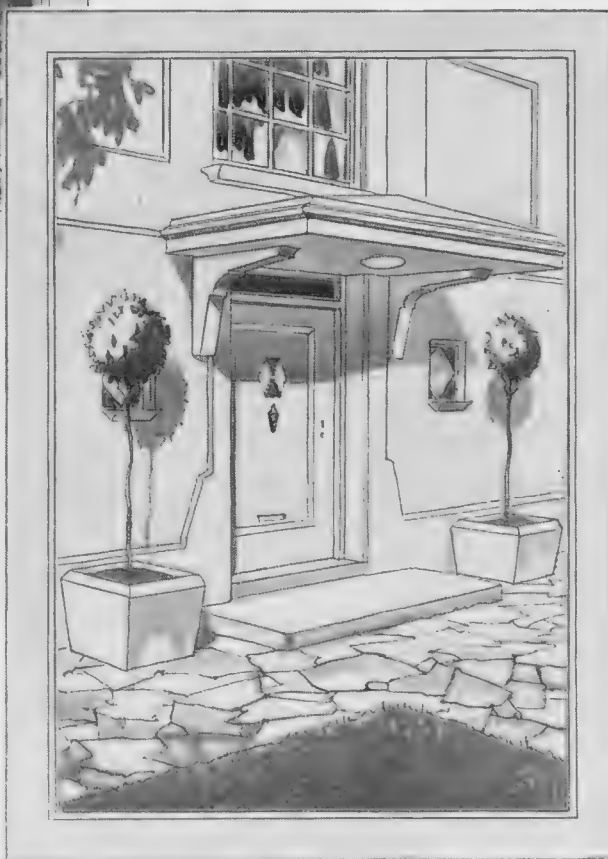
The stern simplicity of oak timbers allied to old-time bricks is here happily relieved by picturesque hollyhocks

bricks, with perhaps the introduction of heavy timbering, might lead one to expect the interior to be almost mediæval, and, were this not so, I think we should be rather disappointed.

In the same way, when we come across an entrance door quite modern in its severity, vivid colouring, and in its door fittings, it is the modern style that we shall expect to find on the other side of that door, isn't it?

Again, the entrance that is neat, colourful, fresh and trim in its appearance, may usually be taken as a sure indication that the home within will likewise be anything but dull and unattractive, while even the smallest suggestion of a shrub or a few flowers will indicate the owner's insistence on flowers to add a cachet to the home within.

For the simple type of entrance a gaily-painted front door flanked with shrub-tubs painted to match is frequently most effective.



The Gentle Art of Frying

By W. Teignmouth Shore

IN this country, even at first-class restaurants and at clubs, frying is often not nearly as good as it ought to be, whereas British roasts and grills reign supreme, and are not to be bettered anywhere. This cannot be because frying is very difficult, but probably because it does not receive the detailed care and attention that is essential to success. Frying cannot be done in slap-dash fashion. It is worth doing very well, for there are many delightful dishes dependent upon it, dependent upon it being really good. It will, I hope, be a help to many to examine briefly what may be called its elements.

TWO KINDS OF FRYING.

THERE are two methods of frying, which may be roughly described as *deep* frying, which is not practised nearly so much in this country as it ought to be; and *dry*, or shallow frying. It may be accepted as a general working rule that almost everything that can be fried deep should be so cooked, the most prominent exceptions being eggs (though these are much better poached), rashers, sausages, and, if done very carefully, thin veal cutlets; beefsteaks and chops never, but always grilled or fried deep.

DEEP FRYING.

DEEP frying means that the thing being fried, or, as it is easier to call it, the "fry," is immersed in, and entirely covered by, boiling oil or clarified beef suet, in a deep frying-pan or a still deeper pot or stewing-pan. It is best that these should be made of aluminium, and they, like everything used for frying, should be kept for that purpose only, and must always be scrupulously clean. For the pot, a wire frying pan is needed, which should not fit in too tightly, as it expands with the heat and might stick. With the deep frying-pan, the basket is not essential, but it is useful to have a strainer of some kind that can be lifted out when the fry is being taken out.

OIL FOR FRYING.

THE best oil to use for deep frying is olive oil. This may seem to be an expense that should be avoided, but it is really economical. For two reasons. Many of the so-called "cooking oils" are made of inferior materials, which do not give the best results, and which cannot be used again and again. Whereas olive oil can be used again many times if strained through clean, fine muslin or a very fine wire sieve after each use. But oil or suet used for fish frying must not be used for anything else. Two supplies of oil must be kept, one for fish, the other for meats, etc. Next best to olive oil for deep frying is clarified beef suet. To clarify it remove every atom of skin from, say, three pounds of suet; chop it into small pieces and place these in a pan with half a pint of water. Boil up, stirring every now and then to avoid risk of burning, and when the water has steamed away and the fat is quite clear set it aside to

get cool and then a straining completes the process.

DRY FRYING.

THIS is done in a shallow frying pan, which should have a hollowed edge that will prevent the hot fat spluttering over on to the cook's fingers. Butter should always be used for frying eggs, and lard generally for other things. In both kinds of frying it is absolutely necessary to have the oil or fat at the right heat; if it is not hot enough the fry will be flabby and greasy, instead of crisp. Want of care in this matter accounts for much poor frying. It is not necessary to use a thermometer, though a special kind is made for use by cooks. When heating the oil you must be careful not to do so too quickly, as it has a vicious way of boiling over. You can tell that it is at the right heat for putting in the fry when the surface becomes quite still and a faint bluish vapour rises from it. To make quite sure, hold a small piece of bread right in it for half-a-minute, and if it is then crisp the oil is at the proper temperature. The heat of suet, lard, and butter can be tested in the same way.

DIRECTIONS.

IN a single article it is impossible to deal fully with the whole art of frying, and detailed instructions are usually given with recipes. But I hope that the following hints may prove helpful. Some things, such as sausages, eggs and sometimes meats are fried in their natural state; others are usually treated in various ways. Of these the most frequently adopted is to egg and breadcrumb them. The breadcrumbs for this purpose are easily made; simply odd bits of crust and crumb hardened in the oven, crushed into very fine crumbs with a rolling pin, and passed through a fine sieve. They must be kept dry, in a stoppered, wide-mouthed bottle or a tight-lidded tin. The fry must always be wiped as dry as possible with a cloth, as else the eggs and crumbs will not adhere to it; or the batter, as the case may be. Dip the fry in well-beaten egg, conveniently ready on a shallow dish or plate, and then thoroughly coat it with the crumbs.

BATTERS.

THERE are two generally useful batters, the first for frying such things as fish, cutlets and so on, and the other for fritters, croquettes, fruit and so on.

The first can be economically made in the following way: Put four tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin and stir in the well-beaten yolk of an egg, a breakfastcupful of milk, and a pinch of salt. Stir gently until the mixture is quite smooth, and then beat it thoroughly. Put it aside for an hour. Immediately before using whip the white of the egg and stir it in.

The batter for fritters can be made this way: make a smooth paste of a breakfastcupful of flour, the beaten yolk of an egg, a pinch of salt, and a teacupful of warm water. Immediately

before using stir in the well-beaten white of the egg. This is a lighter batter than the first, but otherwise much the same.

A PERFECT FRY.

THE process briefly is, for deep frying, to put the basket into the pot and then with a slice, slide in the fry, which must be entirely covered by the oil or fat. Do not fill the basket too full, too tightly. A perfect fry, when bread-crumbed or battered, is of a deep, golden brown, and quite crisp on the surface. Lift the basket from the pot, let it drip a few moments over a basin, then lift out with the slice each piece of the fry. Be sure that the dish for serving is very hot and also the plates; never put a cover over anything fried, as it will certainly become flabby.

This is a general outline of the process of frying. I hope it will not lead anyone astray and that it will help some. Even an experienced fryer sometimes forgets elementary facts!

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TIME in our TIME

By Gladys Peto



"Oh, the laborious hours with the ribbon threader, when one might have been lying in a hammock."

GLADYS PETO.

ments, always in need of restoring, that appealed to the very neat and careful maiden.

And then there was all the business of the hat and the hair. Long, tiresome tresses were tied with a scrap of velvet ribbon close to the head and then each strand coiled into a little sausage-like packet and stuck in place with two hairpins . . . hours it seemed to take to do . . . hours and hours. Then the hat was arranged above and little extra bits of hair settled in place by means of so-called invisible hairpins.

NOW all these are " . . . shove ' be'ind me—long ago and fur away." But have we any more happy, idle hours for whatever amusements we love best . . . ? Alas, we have not . . . we have less—far less.

For in those far-off days if we had a glorious schoolgirl skin . . . we did not spend laborious hours evolving one from little pots and boxes. . . . Did we weigh eleven stone, we weighed eleven stone (and were called

was unknown. . . . Is there yet any unsophisticated man or woman in the world who thinks that shingled hair means no trouble at all, and has not heard of that painful performance, the permanent wave ?

HOW long does it take not only modern thirty-eight (who remembers past tyrannies) but modern eighteen to prepare herself for bed ? Twenty years ago, having threaded a blue ribbon into one's nightgown and smeared a little cold cream on one's face, one leapt happily into bed. . . . But now . . . exercises, massage for an incipient double chin . . . setting combs . . . and setting lotion . . . shingle cap to be adjusted . . . and three sorts of cleansing creams and astringent washes for the face before one can step into one's gaily-patterned pyjamas and snap off the electric light.

One set of labours has been exchanged for another, and our time is still all taken up with tiresome, tedious detail.

But one thing has most certainly been gained. . . . The modern mother and her modern daughter are happier, healthier, and far more fair to see, so the time of the woman of to-day must be employed to far, far greater advantage !

WHAT an incredibly tedious business it was getting ready for a party—particularly for an afternoon party—twenty years or so ago in the early grown-up years of many of us. How many precious moments we spent upon unnecessary trifles.

There were, first of all, to be considered those garments that one wore beneath . . . these, in those days, were lace-trimmed, button-trimmed and threaded with ribbons of pink or of blue. . . . Oh, the laborious hours with the ribbon threader, when one might have been far more happily employed—lying in a hammock for example, patting one's dog, walking upon the sea shore, or conversing brightly with one's acquaintances, or even what Barrie calls "reading improving books." Oh, happy, happy, modern days where one steps happily into two crêpe de Chine garments, and that affair is done with.

IN the long ago days one then sewed into the neck of one's frock a new bit of frilling and little, horrid, hurting scraps of celluloid punched with holes—collar supports they were called. (The really economical covered bits of old whalebone with snips of silk, and thereby saved at least three farthings). A loathsome material named brush braid was sewn along the hem of each frock, and this had for ever to be renewed. It was eternally muddled, or worn or hanging about the feet in dangerous festoons. And there faced one, also, the horrible complication of the waistbelt. This had again and yet again to be remade, re-covered and re-boned also. Wonderful gadgets and dodges there were to escape a gaping void at the back of the waistband. The simple-minded stuck in a large safety pin and trusted all was well, but there were patent elastic and steel arrange-



GLADYS PETO.

"And how long does it not take to prepare oneself for bed."

"fine women"), and did not roll upon the floor in toilsome exercise, and eternally massage our persons with wooden rolling pins.

It is true we had to spend our time sticking innumerable hairpins into our tender scalps, but the lengthy labour of "setting the hair"

Our Conventional Drama

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

WE are inclined to be singularly conventional in our stage methods—the English theatre is, in fact, the home of conventions. Nearly four-fifths of the plays available to the theatre-goer in London at any given moment will prove, when he looks down the list of entertainments offered him, to be either musical comedies or comedies without music—the latter often more correctly describable as farces, and crying out for a musical accompaniment to cover their lapses and fill up their *longueurs*.

As for the musical plays, for all their variations they follow more or less familiar and universal lines, the primary and essential element being a hero and heroine who love each other from the first, but go through all sorts of difficulties and misunderstandings—misunderstandings that any moderately intelligent child of three could have put right for them in half a second—before they are finally united in the last few minutes of the last act.

THE INEVITABLE COMEDIAN.

THERE must be songs, sentimental and humorous, and dancing, individual and *en masse*. The principal comedian may be of a somewhat melancholic mind and utterance, like Mr. A. W. Baskcomb in *Merry Merry*, or of the robust heartiness of Mr. W. H. Berry, or the Cockney sprightliness of Mr. Stanley Lupino in *Love Lies*, or the bubbling mirth of Mr. Leslie Henson in *Funny Face*, or the maturer gentlemanliness of Mr. George Grossmith in *The Five O'Clock Girl*—but his presence is inevitable and his methods not dissimilar.

The musical affair may be called a revue, like Mr. Cochrane's latest, *Wake Up and Dream*, in which case it will consist of disjointed items instead of attempting a continuous, however tenuous, plot. There will be more dancing and many attempts to be as "modern" and naughty as the Censor will allow—and it's surprising what he will pass. But the pattern there, too, is practically fixed. As for the comedies and farces, they will either aim at a "Continental" atmosphere like *By Candlelight* or *Her Past*, or a truly-British one as in *Plunder* and the rest of the Aldwych series, but there will be a family resemblance none the less; as, also, in such society melodramas as *Fame* and *The Stag*.

THE EXCEPTIONS.

HERE and there, however, we do get the exceptions that prove the rule—pieces of distinctive character that travel outside the rut and are vitalised by some

serious thought and un-ordinary philosophy. And it is to be noted that when such plays succeed on the English stage, it is nearly always an unexpected success.

Two of the chief modern instances are *Many Waters* and *Journey's End*, the first of which had to wait some two years after its production by a Sunday society before any "West End" manager would so much as look at it.

The second was also thus semi-privately launched, and not one of the experts who saw

A DRAMATIC BYWAY.

I AM glad, because it is a fine piece of work, beautifully acted and produced, and a sincere effort to picture dramatically an angle of life seldom explored—for in previous war plays the War has been an incident rather than the protagonist.

For kindred reasons I welcome that very different piece of dramatic exploration, *Porgy* at His Majesty's. The fact that this play had such a superlative preliminary booming, through Mr. Cochrane's excellent but somewhat excessive publicity devices, has a little blinded some people in this conservative country, I think, to its real merits. They came, as it were, in a mood to pray, and remained—well, not exactly to scoff, but to ask each other a little disgruntledly what there was to make quite all that tremendous song about. *Porgy* is not a masterpiece, as some have described it, nor is it,

as others appear to think, just a negro entertainment well peppered with "spirituals." It touches no great question of ideals, racial or other, nor does it exploit negro humanity and humour to make a white man's holiday. It is just an extraordinarily vivid picture of life among the negroes dwelling in a slum quarter specified for theatre purposes as Catfish Alley, in Charleston, South Carolina—which, for all I know, may be an actual place within the meaning of the Act. Certainly the authors give it actuality enough to make it seem utterly real. There is a slender but sufficient plot, but the fundamental value of the play lies in the intensely incandescent impression

it gives of the stirring, swarming, throbbing life that goes on in that alley, a branch of life new and strange to us and by the authors' (and producer's) art made to us absorbingly interesting.

A SLICE OF LIFE.

THE piece resembles *Journey's End* in that it is of the "slice of life" order. There is no "moral" to it—unless it be that the meek and weak, though they may go to the wall in this rough existence, have their own emotional exaltations and consolations. Thus the negro community, with its ever-present inferiority complex, finds compensation in irresponsible song-and-dance and glorious mendacity; the spurned and wronged cripple, Porgy, has the sublimely ignorant confidence which enables him to set off in his little goat-drawn soap-box on the 2,000-mile or so journey to New York. But these conclusions are left for us to draw—no signpost is set up to call our attention to them.

Taking the show on just these lines, it is an admirable and even exceptional one; a curious gem of its own kind; a black diamond, which no connoisseur either of the stage or of life should miss seeing.

For my own part, it is one of the few pieces that I should like to see twice. Some people have complained that the dialogue is hard to understand because of the un-



A studio photograph of Frank Wilson, who plays the title rôle in "*Porgy*" at His Majesty's Theatre.



The finale of the first act of "*Porgy*," in which (left to right) are Jake, the fisherman (Wesley Hill); "Serena" (Rose Maclendon); and Maria (Georgette Harvey).

it then would have prophesied its present vogue. I did not myself believe, in spite of its many merits, that the public would fall for a play without a woman in it, or, for that matter, anything very definite in the way of a plot. Now, I am glad to hear, the author, Mr. Sherriff, is making some £700 a week out of it, and it is still going strong, both here and in America.

familiar negro dialect, but the most intellectually or aurally lazy can comprehend quite enough to follow the drift of the thing with perfect clearness. And, anyway, I would rather any day listen to negroes talking their own natural *patois* than the assumed (and generally very poorly assumed) accents of other nations that greet us from the mouths of our own actors in only too many indigenous plays.

UNNECESSARY ACCENT.

I DO not wish to cast any aspersion on Mr. Leslie Banks, one of the most accomplished of our younger actors, when I say that I felt it a matter of deep regret that he should have been compelled to talk broad Scotch throughout the whole of his long part in *The Infinite Shoeblack*, just produced at the Arts Theatre. He did it very well, and hardly ever forgot his Doric intonation, but I do not think leading actors should be called upon to make these unnatural efforts.

The Scottish *venue* of the first and last acts was quite unnecessary to the play; they might just as well have happened somewhere in England. If a Scotch-speaking actor of Mr. Banks's rare talent had been available for the part, well and good, though I do not believe there is such a person. But as he was the choice, it was foolish to force him to this linguistic masquerade.

AN IDEA MISHANDLED.

THAT said, one may proceed to express hearty thankfulness to Heaven for



"Little Accident," at the Apollo Theatre, in which Lynne Overman makes a hit as Raymond Beckwith. With him is Martha Lorber.

in the last act. That kind of climax is an appeal to cheap sentiment and proves nothing—whereas there were really interesting problems to be tackled in the progress of their life together. Why will so many playwrights still make this feeble resort to the *deus ex machina*, whether life-giving or lethal, and so few have the courage to content themselves and their audiences with the naturally and humanly indeterminate ending?

ELECTRIC PERSONALITY.

I CANNOT do aught but greet with joy, however, any piece which includes Miss Newcomb. This actress, wife of a very rich American and on the stage

for sheer love of it, first flashed across our horizon in *Jealousy*, that remarkable play of only two characters which was recently seen at the Fortune. I do not know any other actress of to-day who so combines supple grace with the radiant electricity of the individual. Her note, if anything, is a subdued one; her tone never rises high; yet she contrives to convey an intensity of magnetism that gives significance to her every word and gesture.

She is not ravishingly beautiful; her features are a little irregular; yet she is so harmonious, so perfectly attuned in voice (with a slight and engaging trick of hoarseness on occasion) and movement, that the centre of the stage seems hers by right. It may be, of course, that these two parts, somewhat akin, are particularly her *métier*; but I should be surprised if her scope did not prove to be much wider—and hope for occasion of witnessing the proofs.

THE LAST WORD?

TALKING of dramatic conventions, I had the rather questionable but possibly historic privilege of witnessing (I think that is the right word in the circumstances) a so-called "thriller" entitled *Before Midnight*, presented at the Little Theatre. Whether this was intrinsically the worst of its kind I am not altogether prepared to say; it is conceivable that the cumulative effect of so many similar pathetic attempts to make one's flesh creep had superinduced a peculiarly damnatory frame of mind. However that may be, it appeared to me that this story of a mysterious death-ray and a mad Professor, who ran a yacht with a lot of women's corpses collected in the hold for some unexplained purpose, touched and passed the uttermost

limit of theatrical Bedlam. It left one exhausted, but at least sustained, as far as the nearest supper-place, by the hope that this *reductio ad absurdissimum* might prove at last the final knell of the "mystery play."



Jane Welsh, who plays in "Little Accident."



With a view to getting "atmosphere," the entire company rehearsed an episode of Jack Hulbert's forthcoming revue on board the Cunarder "Lancastria." Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge are seen rehearsing.

the privilege of having seen two such fine pieces of acting as his and Miss Mary Newcomb's in this play. Also for much of the play itself, though its working-out is decidedly faulty. The general idea is a good one—a beautiful woman, who is at the same time highly intellectual and a courtesan by choice and inclination (Aspasia she calls herself), falling in love with a rough and impeccably honest young student and giving up wealth and wantonness to live with him in poverty.

But it seems to me rather foolish and also cowardly of the author, Mr. Norman Macowan, to have let her die in childbirth



"Merry Merry," which has made good at the Carlton, has now been transferred to the Lyceum, where A. W. Baskcomb, Peggy O'Neil and W. H. Berry continue their triumphs in this jolly musical comedy.

PLAYS TO SEE.

- "BERKELEY SQUARE" Lyric
- "THE LADY WITH A LAMP" Garrick
- "PORGY" His Majesty's
- "WAKE UP AND DREAM" London Pavilion
- "JOURNEY'S END" Savoy
- "MR. CINDERS" Adelphi

Brighter Bridge

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XV.

SOUTH holds ♠ Q J 9 x; ♥ A x x; ♦ K 10 8; ♣ J x x. **West** holds ♠ A x; ♥ K J x x x; ♦ A x; ♣ K x x x; **North** holds ♠ 10 x x; ♥ Q; ♦ Q J x x x x; ♣ A Q 10; **East** holds ♠ K 8 x x; ♥ 10 x x x; ♦ x x; ♣ x x x. **South** is in with a contract of three spades.

The opening lead of the fourth best Heart allows North to hold the trick with the Queen. South then proceeds to establish the Diamonds by leading a low card and finessing the 10; if West held up the Ace, a second round—the King—must be led.

With the Diamonds established, West must try to remove the entry cards on the table. He leads (a) a Heart to force a trump from North, or (b) a Club as a bluff. Whichever he does, if he selects (a) North trumps and leads a trump, playing the Queen to induce West to play the Ace; if (b) North plays the Club Queen and leads trumps, playing the 10.

West wins and no matter what he continues, South, by leading trumps, will lose but three tricks—the Ace King of trumps and the Diamond Ace. The best way to attempt to defeat the contract is for West to adopt defence (a) and hold up the trump Ace until dummy is out of Spades, and then to lead a Club. This South must run to his Knave or he will lose the game.

The average player on West's cards would immediately lead A x of Spades at trick 3 or 4, to stop Heart ruffs; this, however, is an indifferent defence, as if South has ♠ K J x x x, it gives the game away at once. If, however, this defence were adopted, South still makes game.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XVI.

South holds ♠ A Q J 9; ♥ A K J 10 4 2; ♦ —; ♣ 9 5 2. **West** holds ♠ K 10 5; ♥ 9;

♦ Q J 9 8 6; ♣ Q 10 4 3. **North** holds ♠ 6; ♥ 8 3; ♦ A K 10 7 5 4 3; ♣ A K 6. **East** holds ♠ 8 7 4 3 2; ♥ Q 7 6 5; ♦ 2; ♣ J 8 7. Hearts are trumps and South is to attempt grand slam.

If East ruffs the second Diamond trick, the slam is a simple matter. The only possible thing for him to do is to pass the second Diamond. If he discard a Spade—the more likely discard—the slam is made against any defence by the double Grand Coup as follows:—

Trick WEST. NORTH. EAST. SOUTH.

1	D Q	D K	D 2	C 2
2	D 6	D Ace	S 2	H 2
3	S 5	S 6	S 3	S Ace
4	S K	H 3	S 4	S Q
5	H 9	H 8	H 5	H 10
6	C 3	D 3	H 6	H Ace
7	S 10	D 4	S 7	S J
8	D 8	D 5	S 8	S 9
9	C 4	C K	C 7	C 5
10	D 9	D 7	C 8	H 4
11	C 10	C Ace	C J	C 9
12	C Q	C 6	H 7	H J
13	D J	D 10	H Q	H K

If he discard a Club, the procedure is varied. A squeeze play is indicated as follows:—

Trick WEST. NORTH. EAST. SOUTH.

1	D Q	D K	D 2	C 2
2	D 6	D A	C 7	S 9
3	H 9	H 8	H 5	H 10
4	C 3	C K	C 8	C 5
5	S 5	H 3	H 6	H J
6	D 8	D 3	H 7	H K
7	C 4	D 4	H Q	H A
8	D 9	D 5	S 2	H 4
9	?			H 2

If at trick 9 West discards the Diamond Queen, the Diamonds are all good on the table; if a Club, two Clubs are good; if the Spade, South's Spades are good.

The majority of solvers carefully

"cooked" East's discards, allowing him to throw spades instead of blanking clubs as a defence against the double grand coup. Others allowed the first diamond to be trumped by South—an attack easily to be combated by East's refusing to trump until trick 10 and then preventing South from discarding a losing club by a losing trump gambit. Others considerably (for South) let West unguard the diamonds. Others abandoned all hope and suggested that a small slam was the maximum that could be made on the cards.

This issue closes the Bridge Competitions, and I should like to express my appreciation at the great interest players of all types and calibres have taken in them. It is very delightful to know that this greatest of modern indoor games is enjoying the popularity it deserves.

As a valedictory message I would beseech my readers to do two things: one is never to bid a weak no trumps which, against experts, is the most dangerous and pernicious call in the vocabulary of auction; and secondly, I would suggest that all those desiring to improve their auction out of all recognition—in estimation of card value for bid or raise, in conservative negative doubling; and in general reading of the partner's cards—should play contract for six months. It will make the tyro an average player and the average player an expert.

Correct solutions were received from General Tancred, Murdan Murle, Aberdeen; and from Mr. Frank Mead, Claire Sol, Ch. Trubandar, Lausanne, the latter of whom is not competing. I can therefore offer him only congratulations.

PROBLEM XV.

Prize winners: J. B. Robertson, Christowe, Cheltenham College, Cheltenham; Miss C. C. Greenhalgh, Spring Hill, Dawley, Shropshire; C. H. Moore, 12, Sheffield Terrace, W.8; J. W. Thornton, Whauphill, West Calder; H. F. Marshall, 21, The Drive, Golder's Green, N.W.11.

CHESS

By T. C. EVANS

Selected Game.

Game No. 19. From the Team Practice Tournament at Ramsgate.

English Opening.

White Black

J. R. Capablanca E. G. Sergeant

1	P—QB4	P—K3
2	Kt—KB3	P—Q4
3	P—Q4	Kt—KB3
4	B—Kt5	B—K2
5	P—K3	QKt—Q2
6	QKt—Q2	O—O
7	R—B1	P—QKt3
8	PxP	KtxP
9	BxB	KtxB
10	B—Q3	B—Kt2
11	Q—B2	P—QB4
12	BxPch	K—R1
13	B—K4	Kt—Q4
14	O—O	R—B1
15	Q—R4	B—B3
16	Q—R3	P—B4
17	BxKt	BxB
18	KR—Q1	P—QB5
19	R—K1	Q—B2
20	P—K4(a)	PxP
21	Kt—Kt5	Kt—B3(b)
22	Q—R3ch	K—Kt1
23	Kt(Q2)xKP	Q—B5
24	KtxP	BxKt(K3)
25	QxBch	K—R1
26	R—B3	QR—K1
27	KtxKt(c)	Resigns

(a) This move alters the complexion of the game at once.

(b) If R—B3; 22 Q—R3ch, R—R3; 23 Kt—B7ch. If 21 . . . P—Kt3; 22 Q—R3ch, K—Kt2; 23 Q—R7ch, K—B3; 24 Kt (either) xKtPch, BxKt; 25 KtxBch, K—B4; 26 Q—R3ch and mate next move.

(c) A surprising turn! If now 27 . . . RxQ; 28 R—R3ch, Q—R3; 29 RxQch, PxR; 31 RxR.

Problem No. 17 (Easter). Key Q—R1. If P—B4 dis ch; 2 Kt—Q6, P—K3; 3 Kt—Kt5! If 2 . . . P—B3; 3 KtxBP! If 2 . . . P—B5 dis ch; 3 Q—K4! If 1 . . . P—B3; 2 BxP, etc. If 1 . . . P—QB4; 2 BxR, etc. If 1 . . . BpxR; 2 Q—Rich, etc. Short mate after 1 . . . KPxR. Other Black moves are met by the threat 2 RxBch, KxB; 3 Q—Q1. The beauty of this problem lies in the first var. A fine key unpins a Black P, and when the latter moves it gives dis ch, and also unpins a White Kt. The Kt interposes (allowing a dis ch by the KBP), and is, in its turn, unpinned by two Pawns. An extraordinary Problem, disclosing great constructional qualities.

Problem No. 18 (Kipping). Key R—K2. If P—B5; 2 Q—Kt1! If P—Q3; 2 Q—R7! If P—R7; 2 R—KKt. If B—B3ch; 2 QxB. If BxQ; 2 R—K7. If Kt move, 2 QxB. The two P interferences are simply delightful, and there is plenty of variety.

Solution to End-Game No. 14 (Dorasil): 1 R—Rich, KxR; 2 R—Kt4, RxR; 3 P—R8=Qch, R—Q5; 4 Q—R8ch. If 2 . . . P—R8=Q; 3 P—R8=Qch, RxQ; 4 R—R4 mate.

Correct solution of Problem No. 16 (2 pts) from Nos. 1, 3, 14, 15, 21, 22, 25, 27, 51, 53, 54, 72, 83, 84, 85, 96, 112, 126, 143, 162, 172, 173, 182, 184, 185, 186, 187, 191, 200, 203, 217, 226, 229.

End-Game No. 12, was solved by E. A. Ellison.

Winners of the Solving Tourney will be notified by post.

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS

SOLUTIONS AND PRIZEWINNERS

No. 16:—ACROSS.—1, Ford; 5, Games; 10, Iser; 14, Area; 15, Clove; 16, Ecu; 17, Datum; 19, Price; 21, Oil; 22, Sl; 23, Gas; 25, Elegance; 27, Throe; 29, Serve; 30, Pretense; 33, Dee; 34, M.S.; 36, Hones; 37, Sleet; 39, Pat; 40, Over; 41, Fiend; 42, Tune; 43, Net; 44, Erect; 45, Lorna; 46, Er; 47, Era; 48, Telegram; 50, Smack; 52, Rages; 53, Accusom; 56, Get; 57, An; 59, Leo; 60, Eurus; 62, Rhone; 64, Mire; 66, Rates; 68, Eros; 69, Sled; 70, Enemy; 71, Rent. DOWN.—1, Fads; 2, Oral; 3, Ret; 4, Daughter; 5, G.C.; 6, Alp; 7, More; 8, Evils; 9, Seceads; 10, I.E.; 11, Scone; 12, Eric; 13, Rule; 18, Mares; 20, Egret; 24, Son; 26, Ave; 27, Tenet; 28, Essie; 30, Phone; 31, Rover; 32, Elect; 34, Manna; 35, Steam; 38, Enter; 39, Purrs; 41, Fracture; 42, Together; 44, Erase; 45, Leger; 47, Emu; 49, Lag; 50, Score; 51, Korau; 53, Alms; 54, Ceil; 55, Mute; 57, Anon; 58, Nest; 61, Sem; 65, Ed; 67, S.Y.

No. 17:—ACROSS.—1, Alem; 5, Asp; 8, Glad; 12, Peri; 13, Bar; 14, Rate;

15, Inns; 16, Awe; 17, Anil; 18, Steer; 20, Vandal; 22, Rea; 24, End; 25, President; 29, Spa; 32, Air; 33, Hat; 34, Key; 35, Tog; 36, Determine; 39, Fir; 40, Due; 41, Regime; 44, Eland; 48, Anon; 49, Nee; 52, Odor; 53, Tile; 54, Cry; 55, Nisi; 56, Adds; 57, Ere; 58, Step. DOWN.—1, Apis; 2, Lent; 3, Erne; 4, Misers; 5, Aba; 6, Saw; 7, Prevented; 8, Grand; 9, Land; 10, Atia; 11, Dell; 19, Rei; 21, Ant; 23, Adherence; 25, Pat; 26, Rio; 27, Erg; 28, Eat; 29, Ski; 30, Pen; 31, Aye; 36, Dim; 37, Rue; 38, Melons; 39, Fines; 41, Rata; 42, Enid; 43, Gold; 45, Adit; 46, Nose; 47, Drip; 50, Ere; 51, Eye.

No. 18:—ACROSS.—1, Nasal; 6, Crude; 11, Omelet; 13, Sooner; 14, Teller; 15, Native; 16, End; 17, Radix; 19, Tic; 20, Stop; 22, Mop; 23, Best; 24, Smug; 26, Repose; 28, Rig; 30, Run; 31, Scenic; 34, Numb; 37, Pun; 38, For; 40, Soap; 42, Ale; 43, Attic; 45, Tie; 46, Cleave; 48, Futile; 50, Tested; 51, Trover; 52, Sneer; 53, Deeds. DOWN.—1, Notes; 2, Aments; 3, Seldom; 4, All;

5, Leer; 6, Coax; 7, Rot; 8, Unties; 9, Devise; 10, Erect; 12, Tram; 13, Sniper; 18, Dor; 21, Purer; 23, Bonus; 25, Gin; 27, Pun; 29, Gifted; 31, Sullen; 32, Creese; 33, Cot; 35, Motive; 36, Bailed; 37, Pacts; 39, Rift; 41, Peers; 43, Aver; 44, Curd; 47, Ate; 49, Toe.

PRIZEWINNERS:—Crossword No. 16.—Lady Lindsay, Craignish, Baslow Road, Eastbourne; Rev. T. V. Morley, 26, Knayton Road, Bournemouth; Charles H. B. Beech, 2, Sandals Road, Baildon, near Shipley; R. H. Jones, "Selattyn," Purley Downs Road, Purley, Surrey; Mrs. E. F. Chubb, "Trevisa," Bettwys-y-Coed Road, Llanishan, Cardiff.

Crossword No. 17.—Dorothy Simpson, Healey House, Batley, Yorkshire; Miss M. Sanders, "Brooklands," Ferndown, Dorset; Mrs. Hyland, 35, Anglesea Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin; Mrs. C. Leslie Smith, Villa Helen, Rue de Bruxelles, Le Cannet, A.M., France; Lieut.-Commander A. D. L. Macpherson, R.N., "Greenbank," Thurgoland, Nr. Sheffield.

Winners of Crossword No. 18 will be notified by post.

Improving the TALKIES

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

IF I say I find the "talkies" becoming more passable, that does not mean for a moment any weakening from the position that the idea of dialogue intruding on the screen is all wrong to start with. But that they are beginning to show signs of a definite technical advance it is impossible to deny.

In the past week or two there have been shown, privately or publicly, quite a stream of new "talkies." Their quality has varied, but every single one has been a decided improvement on the first specimens



William Haines in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," the "talkie" at the Empire Theatre. With him is Lionel Barrymore.

which reached us over here from American sources. The one that has struck me as easily most lifelike in its enunciation is a "thriller" called *Strange Cargo*, a story of a mysterious murder on board a yacht, which was exhibited by the Producers' Distributing Company, commonly known as P.D.C., to an invited audience at the Regal theothermorning.

ENGLISHMEN TALK BETTER.

SO far as the matter of speech goes, this is the clearest and most pleasing yet. Several of the voices sounded almost natural, though the synchronisation of words and lip movements was far from perfect. That clanging metallic noise associated with early talking efforts was absent—partly, perhaps, because



Warner Richmond in "Strange Cargo," a thrilling story of love and intrigue at sea. It shows a great advance in the matter of "talkie" technique and is a fine imitation of a stage play.

nearly all the actors in this picture are English, but also owing to a finer modulation of strength in the sounds. Another important element in helping the effect is that those taking part are all, I understand, stage actors and not just film actors.

AN INFERIOR IMITATION.

HERE, for instance, is a screen play whose action is conveyed mainly, if not entirely, by talk. The talk is well done, but what limitations it imposes! And what is the net outcome of its introduction? A very fair imitation of a stage play, but still an inferior imitation owing to the substitution of moving images for flesh and blood—with, on the other hand, the almost limitless speed and spaciousness of the screen lamentably curtailed.



Edna Ferber's famous novel, "The Show Boat," has been most successfully adapted for the screen.

Another notable and much more lavish new "talkie" is *Show Boat*, the film version of Edna Ferber's famous novel about a family of touring players, whose floating theatre was aboard an old-time river steamer that travelled from town to town on the banks of the Mississippi. The book has, of course, already been made the foundation of a musical play, which bore but a faint resemblance to the original.

FILM ACTORS AT SEA.

NOW in this the talk is not so good, and the fact that Miss Laura La Plante and Mr. Joseph Schildkraut, who take two of the chief parts as Magnolia and Gaylord Ravenal, are purely film actors, makes a lot of their talk sound stilted and awkward.

To the singing of negro "spirituals" or occasional reproductions of inarticulate sounds there is not the same objection—though I think these would probably be better done by real singers, and skilled stage hands, behind the scenes. But I must confess that when I heard Miss La Plante sing "Ol' Man River," while admiring her unexpected efficiency, I could see no reason why it should be represented as arousing the audience at a Chicago night club to a *furor* of enthusiasm. A caption and a forest of clapping hands would have been much more conducive to illusion.

SOUND OR SILENCE?

IN a talking play entitled *The Barker* which was publicly shown last week at the Regal, the dialogue was even less convincing. In the first half, in fact, I could hardly catch a word that was said, so indistinct were the voices from the screen.

Mr. Milton Sills, for example, does quite well as a "barker," which is to say, a man who attracts "hicks" or country bumpkins into his travelling circus by the violent eloquence of his appeals to the public from a platform outside the tents. But, left to the imagination, these appeals would have seemed, I am certain, much more inspired with the irresistible lure we were instructed to ascribe to them.

The best voice here, again, is an English one—that of Miss Dorothy MacKaill, picturesquely described as "the crumbiest Jane in the outfit." She is a Ziegfeld Folly from Hull, and in the film plays the part of one of those Bad Girls Redeemed by Love with a success only marred by the inevitable feeling that one of such an open and honest type of beauty could never possibly have been bad in the first or any instance. Miss Betty Compson, on the other hand, the other "vamp" of the film, looks the part in all its connotation of capricious restlessness.

The Owner Driver's CAR

*Modern automobile progress has
made the car of to-day much
easier for the owner driver
to run and to maintain.*

SIDE by side with the development of efficiency, a feature of modern automobile progress probably more important than any other, is the general simplification of all that pertains to maintenance. In other words, every manufacturer, including even those whose names have always been associated with large cars, has striven and is striving towards the attainment of the perfect owner driver's car.

The practical elimination of the old paint and varnish coach finish—beautiful, but delicate—in favour of either cellulose or fabric is one of the principal factors, apart, of course, from the mechanical side of the matter. Every owner driver may not care to wash his or her own car; but the point is that every owner driver *can*, the necessity for skill and painful care having passed with the passing of varnish.

EASILY WASHABLE CARS.

AS a matter of fact, in perhaps the majority of instances, or certainly in a very large proportion, the washing of one's car is not a matter of choice, but of necessity. With the introduction of the inexpensive car, the joys of motoring have been opened up to so many people who can just manage to afford the luxury (an objectionable word in connection with motoring, but applicable in this case), and the cost of having the car regularly washed and polished at the local garage is a sum that may be much better expended on petrol.

Cellulose and fabric, therefore, are boons for which the owner driver should be duly thankful; but by no means have we reached the limit of what may be achieved. The trouble, and the almost constant necessity of cleaning the bright metal work of the car remains. Very gradually, the idea of chro-

mium, instead of nickel, plating is sinking in. Manufacturers of the makes of American cars which are popular in this country—and, doubtless, of all those also of which we never hear in England, have unanimously adopted chromium as standard, the reason, no doubt, being that in America there is no

biggest of cars, any avoidable difficulty in a single one of the various operations of maintenance.

Larger issues are raised by this remark which it is not profitable to inquire into at the moment; but certainly in regard to chromium plating America is, at the moment, showing us the way. Singers, among British manufacturers, deserve the credit for standard adoption of this no-trouble plating process; there may, of course, be others, but in this country there seems to be a certain amount of suspicion of chromium.

CHROMIUM FINISH.

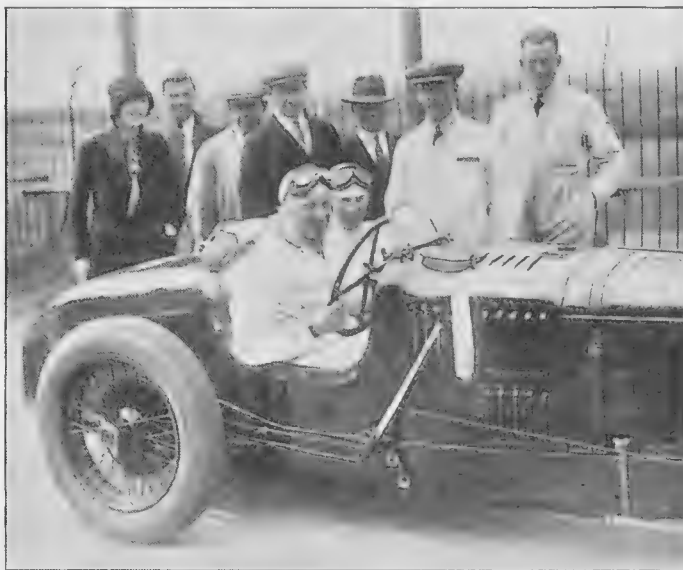
UNDoubtedly some of the earlier processes of chromium plating were unsatisfactory; but, after all, they were little better than experimental. Now experience proves that the well-known methods—that of Messrs. Hardcourt, of Birmingham, for instance—are just as perfect in regard to durability as nickel plating, and, of course, infinitely better in both appearance and freedom from the necessity for frequent cleaning.

As an instance of the lasting quality of a good chromium finish, the case of our own Arrol-Aster car, in which we competed in this year's Monte Carlo Rally may be quoted. All the metal parts, both inside and out, were plated by the Hardcourts' process; the car was driven through extremely low temperatures, and was even left buried in a snowdrift for many hours together. Since then it has been through other strenuous experiences, which would serve to show up any weaknesses in the external finish, and, in spite of it all, the plating remains spotless, and as perfect as when it was first applied.

This type of finish not only does not require polishing with metal polish, but must not be treated in this way. It shows no signs of tarnishing in the worst of foggy weather, and such mud and rain splashes as it naturally collects can be wiped off with a damp rag, leaving the chromium bright and sparkling.

Every owner driver desires that his car shall always appear well-cared-for, and, no doubt, realises that nothing detracts from a well-kept appearance more than dull nickel. The cleaning, however, is a long and irksome job, and most people have been tempted at some time or other to go over all the bright parts with a black paint brush.

Now that the chromium plating has been perfected, however, it is no longer necessary to avoid trouble at the expense of making the car look funereal; but the car owner should realise that while it is possible to have the lamps, door handles, radiator, etc., plated after the car has been in use, it is much more satisfactory, simpler, and



More world's records fell to Britain when Mr. Kaye Don, driving his two-litre, 6-cylinder supercharged Sunbeam, the "Cub," covered 200 kilometres at 115.29 m.p.h. and 200 miles at 115.96 m.p.h.

such thing as a special owner driver's type of car. All cars are owner driven, and although professional drivers are employed in exactly the same way as at home, the maker of the car apparently recognises the fact that this does not excuse, even in the



Following a successful season on the Riviera, the American lawn tennis stars, George Coen, his brother "Junior," George O'Connell and a friend start on an African tour on their Bugatti.

less expensive to specify chromium finish with the actual order for the new car.

THE BRUCE CHANNEL TROPHY.

PREPARATIONS for the cross-Channel race for the Bruce Channel Trophy are well in hand, and undoubtedly the event will prove to be one of the most interesting of its kind that has been held in this country. Among well-known people in the motor boating world who are expected to take part is Miss Betty Carstairs, who will thus make her first appearance as a pilot of outboard hydroplanes.

Mr. Kaye Don, the famous racing motorist, is a newcomer to the sport of hydroplaning who will probably compete, while the majority of those who are already well known in connection with water motoring, such as Miss Zoe Livesey, Mr. Holroyd, Mr. Shilln and many others, will also be among the competitors.

For the benefit of those readers who are not aware of the conditions of this event, it may be explained that, having established a record of 105 minutes for the double crossing of the Channel from Dover Harbour to Calais Harbour and back last autumn, the Bruce Trophy was offered for competition through the auspices of the Marine Motoring Association, qualification for the award being the beating of the existing record on an outboard hydroplane. In view of the necessary precautions to avoid accident, it was decided that instead of permitting a more or less unlimited number of individual attempts, something in the nature of a race should be organised, and this is the event which is shortly to be held.

THE DAZZLE PROBLEM.

THE practice of fitting a small piece of deeply tinted celluloid to the north-east corner of the wind-screen in order to cut out the dazzling rays of oncoming headlamps has attained amazing popularity. New devices are constantly being introduced, in which the process of swivelling the celluloid into or out of position is simplified or rendered more certain. The latest is the "Dim-Dazzle" screen, which in a test proved to fulfil its function admirably. This particular piece of apparatus is unusually well finished, and apart from the fact that it really does do what is claimed for it, it is an ornament to any car.

Incidentally, it may have been noticed that a similar, though scarcely so effective, device is making its appearance mainly on older or more inexpensive cars literally by the thousand. Since it emanates from a well-known sixpenny store, it is to be presumed that the cost is sixpence. The principal difficulty about these little screens appears to be to decide the exact degree of opacity in the celluloid which is most desirable.

Different screens vary through all degrees from almost clear coloured material down

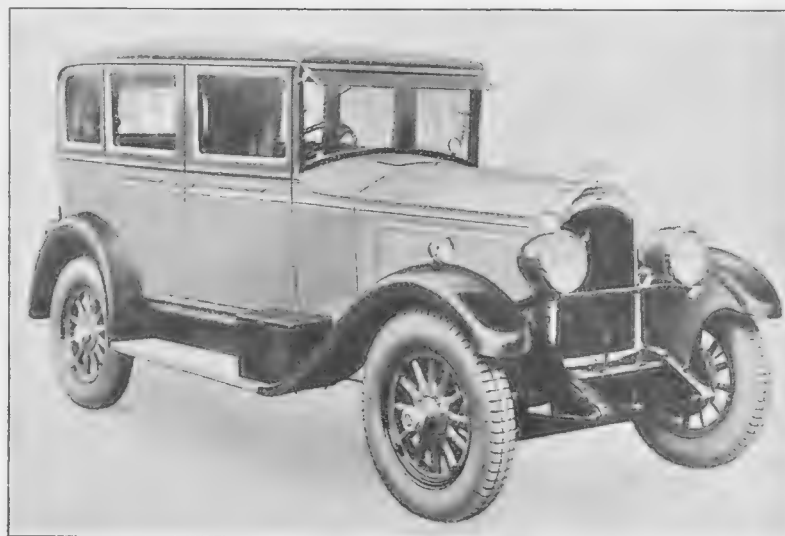


Mr. Owen Nares, who is playing in a new play, "These Few Ashes," at the Duke of York's, recently took delivery of a 16.45 h.p. 6-cylinder Wolseley fabric Saloon, which was supplied by Eustace Watkins, Ltd.

to complete opacity; but in the case of the Dim-Dazzle device already mentioned it appears that the happy medium has at last been discovered. It is not so clear that even the fiercest of headlamps could be dazzling when viewed through the coloured screen, and yet it is possible to discern with certainty the position of the oncoming car.

TRYING OUT THE WILLYS KNIGHT "CRUSADER."

Engine—
Six cylinders, 74.6 m.m. bore and 98.4 m.m. stroke; 2,670 c.c.

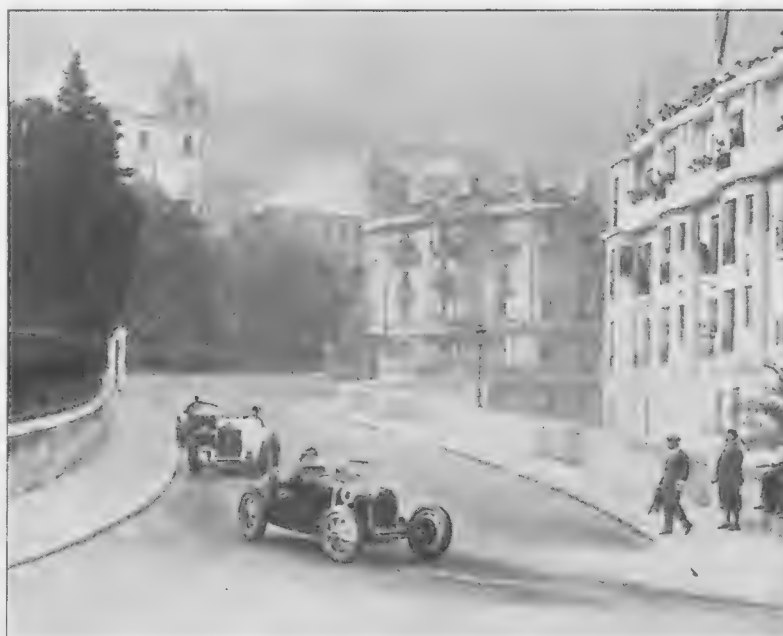


The Willys Knight "Crusader" is almost totally free from road shock and has many points to commend it.

that there are lower gears. Even starting can be performed on top if necessary—though possibly this is not an action to be advised—and the pick-up from rest is smooth, steady, and reasonably rapid.

Steering, and, in fact, all controls, is light and certain, though one regrets the absence of any castering action. It is almost totally free, however, from road shock. The clutch is light to operate and sweet in action; gear changing, though infrequently necessary, is simple, and the general suspension of the car excellent.

In spite of the extremely moderate price, the car is generously provided in the matter of equipment, which includes, besides all the usual gauges—which are very tastefully arranged on the instrument board, by the way—locks to all doors, windscreen wiper, large luggage grid, single panel windscreen and glare visor, headlamp dimming device—in fact, every gadget which one expects to find on the really up-to-date car.



In the 200-mile race for the Grand Prix d'Automobile which was held at Monte Carlo, Williams, a British driver, won in 3 hours 56 minutes on a Bugatti. Williams is seen leading at a corner, followed by Caracciola on a Mercedes-Benz.

Tax—£21.
Ignition—Autolite coil.
Carburetter—Tillotson.
Clutch—Dry disc.
Gearbox—Three speeds, central control; 5.1, 9.4 and 18.5 to 1.
Suspension—Semi-elliptic; snubbers.
Electrical equipment—6 volt.
Price—Saloon, with leather upholstery, £350; with Bedford cord, £335.

A 20.7 H.P. sleeve-valve engined car selling at £350 in its saloon form is notable even among American products; and the Willys Knight "Crusader" model proves, on test, to be a very serious proposition. The engine is as smooth as its sleeve valve design suggests, and is both flexible and lively.

With a top gear ratio of slightly more than 5 to 1, it is possible almost to forget

Britannia's Pulbit

The Defeat of FEAR

By the Rev. Archibald Parsons, M.A.

THE three prime causes of mental unbalance are alcoholism, venereal disease and fear; and the most prolific of the three is fear." That was the considered opinion given me some time ago by the chief Medical Officer of one of our large asylums.

A few months ago a young fellow came seeking my help. After telling me something of his trouble, he said, as though it were a sudden inspiration, "I know what's the matter with me; it's fear." And the moment he said the word, I realised he was right. There he sat, a man in the clutches of fear—losing weight, self-control and grip. And he was doing everything with it but facing up to it. In six months I was visiting him behind locked doors in a mental home.

FEAR OF LIFE.

WE cannot afford to play with Fear. It is Life's great spoiler. It impairs our judgment and sense of proportion so that we become the prey of imaginary ills, "blue devils" that have no existence for anyone but ourselves.

The Fear of Death used to be the Arch-Fear of man; but the War has changed all that. We lived, then, in such everyday touch with death that the old fear has gone. Death is no longer the King of Terrors. But, in its place, the Fear of Life reigns—a far worse affliction. This new fear is ever-present; it pursues us during our waking hours and ends by robbing us of restoring sleep.

This Fear is a challenge we ignore at our peril. We must face up to it boldly, stare it out of countenance or—perish. And we can do so if we will. If we are afraid of a dog it will attack us; if we are afraid of Life it will finish us. And the best of it all is that there is really nothing at all to fear in either Life or Death.

"There is no storm but this—
Of your own cowardice
That braves you out.
You are the storm that mocks
Yourself; you are the rocks
Of your own doubt.
Besides this fear of danger there's no danger here.
And he that here fears danger does deserve his fear."

We must, therefore, face up to Fear. Carlyle says: "The extent to which we put fear under our feet is a good measure of our manhood." Then we must "stand up" to Life if we are to trample its fears under our feet. "Son of man, stand up and I will speak to you"—so spoke the Lord to Ezekiel, when that prophet sought Him grovelling on his face in fear and trembling.

"FREE-WILL A MYTH."

WHY are you afraid?" said Christ, the clear implication being that there was nothing to be afraid of. Nothing to fear! But what of environment, heredity and all those conditions of life over which we have no control? Is there nothing to be afraid of in them? In the "fell clutch of circumstance" are we not practically helpless? This, at any rate, is the teaching of much of our popular modern literature that is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of" Fear.

We need only recall Hardy's masterpiece, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, for, when the tragedy of poor Tess had culminated on the scaffold, Hardy offers his readers this cynical reflection—"thus, in Æschylean phrase, the President of the Immortals finished His sport with Tess." Now, if such is a "true bill" against the Almighty, there is good cause for us all to be afraid of Life. But it is a travesty of the truth; it is as far removed from the facts of Life as are the following words taken from an article printed some years ago in the *Fortnightly Review*: "I am an Automaton.

"Free-will is a myth invented by man to satisfy emotion, not reason. I am powerless to change my destiny and am, therefore, not responsible." Again, if that is true, we may well be afraid. But it is not true; it is just the age-long lie of a grim, sunless pessimism.

HAVE YOU NO FAITH?

IN face of these fearful inferences drawn from the so-called facts of life, how is it possible to accomplish the Defeat of Fear? Faith is the only antidote to this Fear of Life. "Why are you afraid? Have you no Faith?" There you have the Master's "way out." Faith is our sheet anchor. It is "betting your life there's a God," as Donald Hankey once put it. It is reckoning on the only God you and I can be dead sure of—the God revealed in Christ. When we speak of the Fear

of God—the God of Christ—it does not mean to us what the same words meant to men before Christ.

Their Fear of God was a terror that kept them busy either placating an angry Deity with gifts or dodging, by every possible contrivance, the vengeance of a cruel, merciless Judge. Thank Heaven, there is no room for such a Fear in life any more. "We have not received the spirit of bondage unto fear but—the spirit of adoption whereby we cry 'Abba, Father.'" Once we think of God as a Father we cannot be afraid of Life; for we "live and move and have our being in Him." The Father God must "mean well by mortals," or He is no Father. Faith, then, in God as

love, companionship and power secures the defeat of fear. "Perfect love casteth out fear."

The late Jerome K. Jerome has given this an immortal setting in his famous play, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. That Bloomsbury boarding house was just a mean house of fear until "The Stranger" came. Fear hurt and stung every member of that various circle, from the little "slavey" to the "lady of quality." It made them all selfish, suspicious, spiteful and unscrupulous.

But when "The Stranger" joined the circle, the faith he inspired in himself delivered every other member from the fears that had soured and spoilt them; they simply vanished as darkness before the Dawn. It was "perfect love casting out fear" and leaving everyone able to trust and eager to serve everyone else. The Defeat of Fear was accomplished.

Christ is still "The Stranger" whose coming into our homes and lives always drives out Fear. "I am equal to everything through Christ who is my strength," said Paul. And in his life he showed how to be undismayed and unafraid no matter how opposed by bitter circumstance and ruthless foes.

It may be so with us; for what Christ did for Paul He is doing for all who "bet their life" on Him. And He is saying to us what He said in the days of His flesh, "Why are you afraid? Have you no Faith?" That is His way, and it is the only way, of achieving the Defeat of Fear!

"O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas."

Charity at Home

SPEAKING at the Queen's Hall on behalf of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is President of this Society, said: "This is a cause about which nobody need be in any doubt, and it is because our Society has for so many years devoted itself to this cause with such conspicuous success that I feel confident it will get the public support which it now asks."

Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Comptroller to the Prince of Wales, at the Annual Prize-giving in 1923, said: "I have witnessed many exhibitions of training, but I have never seen the *Arethusa* excelled. I wish for the Nation's sake that you had 2,000 boys instead of 240. There were eight *Arethusa* boys on the *Vindictive* at Zeebrugge. One gained the V.C. and of the remaining seven each got the D.S.M. as a reward for their bravery and coolness during their great achievement.

To maintain these deserving institutions, it is necessary to collect £1,200 every week for the support of the 1,100 children under the Society's care. Since 1843 nearly 29,000 children have been given the chance of a good start in life.

The Committee, by undertaking to reserve for the next five years ten vacancies on board the *Arethusa* for miners' sons, and to receive fifteen daughters of miners into the bigger Girls' Homes, are shouldering an additional burden of £1,300 per annum.

Cheques and other remittances should be made payable to the "Shaftesbury Homes," and sent to the Shaftesbury Homes, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



The walled city of Najaf on the edge of the Arabian Desert. The minarets and domes are covered with sheet gold, the gleam of which may be seen from afar.

The Holy City *of Iraq—NAJAF*

Najaf is to the Shiah sect of Moslems what Mecca is to the Sunnis. Its inhabitants are fanatical, and, as a city, it has many points of interest.

By Dorothy Mackay

STANDING apart from the world in the silent solitudes of the Arabian desert Najaf, a strange, drab, mud-brick, mud-walled city, centres round the great blue-tiled mosque of Ali, whose golden domes sullenly reflect the blazing sky. It is the most sacred city of the Shiah Moslems, as is Mecca of the Sunnis, and it used to be a hot-bed of fanaticism and intrigue, wherein the rebellion of 1920 was said to have been planned. The non-Shiah stranger is plainly not welcome there even now, especially at the times of pilgrimages, when the narrow streets are thronged with jostling crowds of Shiah Moslems.

THE MECCA OF THE SHIAHS.

OUR first glimpse of Najaf was a glint of gold upon the horizon, and presently its great golden domes rose clear above a dun-coloured city wall.

Outside the northern and eastern walls of the small circumscribed city of the living, there is a vast city of the dead; for the most part of simple mud-brick tombs, but here and there studded with rich mausolea capped with domes of loveliest Persian tiles.

Mindful of the interest of an Arab crowd in a European meal, we stopped some distance outside the city gates to eat our lunch in peace. And as we ate, we watched what is perhaps the remotest and most isolated tramway in the world. For the benefit of the pilgrims, lofty double-decked cars are dragged the seven miles from Kufah by tiny Arab steeds which look ridiculously diminutive against their loads.

Ever and anon, a Ford dashed by, packed with a load of shouting and gesticulating Arabs, their head-kerchiefs and brown-striped cloaks billowing in the breeze. And across the doors of each car a body lay extended, stiff in its covering of matting or of carpet and palmsticks. I counted fourteen such during our meal, and wondered where room had been found for all the many thousands of bodies that must have been brought to lie near Ali.

THE ORIGIN OF NAJAF.

A ROUGH calculation of the burial fees—by no means inconsiderable—that are paid for this privilege, and of the rich presents given to the shrine by its many wealthy devotees, leaves one amazed at the enormous wealth that must exist in that small and shabby-looking city. The immense golden dome of Ali's shrine and those of the minarets that flank it indicate that it need be expended with no stinting hand.

We entered by a narrow,

unpretentious-looking gate and made straight for the quarters of the doctor and chief of police—Iraqis both—to whom we had introductions. After the usual coffee and cigarettes in a room incongruously furnished with cushioned divans, and huge wallcharts of the human skeleton and arterial and nervous systems, which looked as entirely out of place there in the Arabian desert as did European clothes on the doctor's charming little son; we went up to the roof of the hospital.

Thence we looked across quaint domed houses and a bazaar to the great jewel-like mosque, which is the heart and soul of this city of the desert. Legend has it that the great Caliph, Haroun al-Raschid, when on a hunting expedition, was led by a gazelle to where the bones of Ali lay. And around the shrine that he built above them the city has grown up.

A PERFECT GATEWAY.

WITH our hosts we set forth to walk through the city and see what we could of the mosque at closer quarters, though we knew that we should not be allowed to go inside. And suddenly, beyond the main bazaar with its roof of galvanized iron, we stood before the most perfect gateway of its type that I have ever seen.

Full thirty feet high, it is completely covered with gorgeous tiles, except where deep bands of sheet gold bear inscriptions from the Koran.



A typical roadside scene on the way to Najaf. The three-horsed cart and a broken-down car are common sights in this part of the world.

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All ABOUT LAWN TENNIS

By F. Gordon Lowe

Our contributor deals with the views expressed on various lawn tennis subjects in "Ayres' Lawn Tennis Almanack for 1929."

NO player should be without his *Ayres' Lawn Tennis Almanack* for 1929; it is edited by Mr. Wallis Myers, and seems to increase in interest and size each year; it is to the tennis player what Wisden's is to the cricketer.

The present volume contains a fund of information, and goes very much deeper than the mere recording of events. All the same there is hardly a match or tournament of any importance, no matter where it has taken place, that is not fully dealt with.

THE opening pages contain some excellent articles by our foremost lawn tennis writers. Mr. Wallis Myers leads off with a clever discourse entitled "National Traits in Lawn Tennis." In this he takes us through every phase of the game, drawing an interesting picture of its early pioneers and the influence they exerted. Mr. Myers shows us how lawn tennis, from a simple beginning, has progressed and been evolved; how it has spread to all corners of the world, and the part which the great players of each generation have played during each period. The perfect player is not yet produced, but Mr. Myers seems to think Cochet is nearer the ideal even than Tilden. The author explains clearly the reasons for the rise of France and how, from beautiful strokes but with no will to win, they have surmounted their difficulties and risen to great heights. It is an old story, but it is treated from an entirely new viewpoint.

THE WORDS OF M. DANINOS.

I WAS particularly impressed with the words of Marcel Daninos, the well-known French critic, on "How France Became the World's Champion." His description of the first French Davis Cup victory in 1927 is illuminating. He modestly tells us that his countrymen could hardly have accomplished this feat without a good deal of luck in the shape of a Johnston much below form and cooler weather than is usually to be expected in Philadelphia during September

Certainly, everything seemed to be on the side of France that year, even to Tilden drawing Cochet in the first round, whom he then could usually beat, and having, in Jack Lacoste, a more difficult proposition with the weight of two hard matches on his shoulders on the final day.

As all the world knows Lacoste won this vital match, but he might easily not have done so had it been played first.

PRAISE FOR SUZANNE.

FOR all the French successes, and their present unassailable position, M. Daninos unstintingly gives the full praise to Suzanne Lenglen. This is as it should be and most refreshing. Suzanne certainly did show her fellow countrymen the way both at Wimbledon and elsewhere; she demonstrated that great victories on the courts were possible for France and stimulated others to follow her example. Just after Mlle. Lenglen became a professional some of her achievements, and all she had done for France, were lost sight of.

It is now good to hear a Frenchman once more singing her praises. M. Daninos is convinced that France, with perhaps an occasional set back, will maintain her superiority on the courts. Behind the famous four musketeers, he sees many other young French players of



A cheerful group at the Finchley Country Club. Left to right: Mr. C. O. Tuckey, Miss Edgington, Miss Foster, Mr. C. R. D. Tuckey, Miss Montgomery and Mr. N. Wyner.

championship quality ready to take their places.

HANDICAP PLAY.

H. S. SCRIVENER writes on handicap play, its use and abuses; on the whole, he is inclined to think that handicap events are not good for the young player of promise after he or she has reached a certain point. To the players, and their numbers are legion, who have no chance, and never will have one, of winning an open event, handicaps are of distinct advantage. They give these keen supporters of the game a chance of being in at the death and of obtaining a full week's tennis at any tournament they may enter.

Through handicaps, this class of player is assured of his fun and, according to Scrivener, no tournament would be able to keep alive financially without them. Personally, I believe that a handicap event has often been of great use to many a young player, and has helped him to find himself, in tournaments and matches when he otherwise would not have done so soon. They are often a stepping stone to the open events.

OUR FIRST PRIZE.

I SHALL never forget the pleasure and encouragement that my brother and myself obtained when we won our first prize, as a pair, in the handicap doubles at the Gipsy Tournament. This success certainly gave us an incentive to attempt to do likewise in the more important events, and opened our eyes to the fact that it was possible to do this.

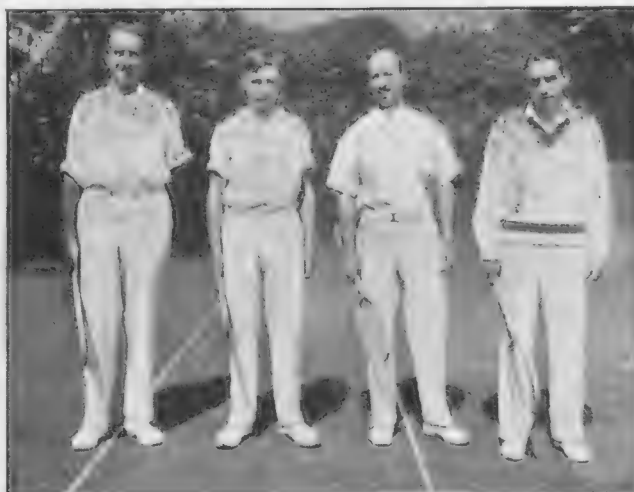
After coming down from Cambridge I occasionally entered for the handicap singles at tournaments (quite a different type of game from an open, by the way) and obtained a good deal of benefit therefrom. The accuracy necessary for success in giving odds helped me to obtain a certainty of return which I might never otherwise have acquired.

BIJOU BIOGRAPHIES.

THE Bijou Biographies at the end of the book are not the least interesting part of *Ayres' Almanack*. Here it is possible to see at a glance the full records of every player of note in the world.



Senorita Lili de Alvarez, the well-known Spanish lawn tennis star.



Reading from left to right are Dr. Caleb Saleeby and his partner P. S. Young, who beat A. Rosselli and R. O. Covington at Monte Carlo

Amateur INTERNATIONAL GOLF

By Gerard Fairlie

Next year British amateur golfers will have an opportunity of winning the Walker Cup from America, and our contributor gives his views on the question of practising for the event.

THE International matches of the season, so far as the amateurs are concerned, are confined to the usual contests between Scotland, England, and Ireland. The professionals have their Ryder Cup match, but there is no gainsaying the fact that this does not give rise to nearly so much general interest as the amateur match between Great Britain and the United States for the Walker Cup. But, as next year we have a chance of winning this trophy, when it will be played for at St. Andrews, a few thoughts on the past, with an eye on the future, may not come amiss.

It is useless to shirk the facts. The British side which last year was so unmercifully crushed on the course at Wheaton, Illinois, situated some twenty-five miles from Chicago, was very nearly as good a side as we can send. Three men only might have strengthened it—Cyril Tolley, Roger Wethered and Sir Ernest Holderness. But no team at present representative of Great Britain could have been selected without Charles Hezlet, T. A. Torrance, W. L. Hope Dr. Tweddell, and T. P. Perkins.

CLIMATIC DIFFICULTIES.

NEVERTHELESS, although the memory of the overwhelming defeat will take a deal to obliterate it from the minds of us all, there is a variety of reasons, not to excuse defeat, but at any rate in part to account for the almost complete annihilation of last year.

It will always be more difficult for us to win a Walker Cup match in America than in this country, because of several factors. In the first place, heat plays a most important part, particularly at Chicago. Just before the war Norman Hunter was compelled to

withdraw from the American Amateur Championship owing to the heat, when he was going well and might have won.

But anywhere in the country the climate is so different from ours that the three weeks, which the team has in which to practise and become acclimatised, are really little better than three days. A past British holder of the American Open Championship has stated that the effect of crossing the Atlantic was in itself surprising, and that the further west he went the less he felt like golf. It is scarcely necessary to point out that Chicago is a western city of the United States.

I have myself been told by an American Walker Cup player that the converse also holds true. He stated that the nearer his ship got to England the more bracing he found the air. When he arrived on a golf course in this country he felt so like golf that it was with difficulty he restrained himself from playing all four balls of a fourball foursome! There must be something in it.

WET COURSES.

BUT it is not only the climate which makes golf difficult in America to the British visitor. The courses there all have water laid on, with the result that at no time do they find themselves on a hard, dry course of the type beloved by the Scottish crack. As well, nearly all the greens are guarded in such a way that the pitch and run simply does not enter into the game. The approaches, short or long, must be



To-morrow's International Golf Match—the Rival Captains. On the left is George Duncan, who will captain the English team against the Americans, led by Walter Hagen (right), for the possession of the Ryder Cup, at Moortown, near Leeds

played high with stop. The man who can wield a mashie-niblick is a force in the land.

I have often wondered how a team would fare if it were composed only of those who can really play this shot; Torrance is an adept at it and perhaps this helped him to score Britain's solitary point and defeat Chic Evans.

The third factor, which is a big one whatever people may assert to the contrary, is the question of playing before a strange crowd. Time and time again it has been proved that the man playing at home before his own supporters has a great advantage. A gallery, partisan from a natural and right sense of patriotism, can and does help its favourite no matter how well ordered it may be nor how impartial it may strive to show itself. With the best will in the world the crowds at Chicago can only have hindered Tweddell and his men, but next year that advantage will be with us.

A DIFFERENT OUTLOOK.

I AM certain of one thing about this distressing match. If we are ever to win the Cup in America we have got to get something of the American outlook on the game.

Recently an American friend and I went to play on a course near London. There we found a mutual friend, a well-known English player, without a game. We took him in and played a threeball match. It so happened that the American just lost both his matches.

My friend and I made for the clubhouse. Not so the American. His wooden clubs had let him down and out he went to practise. He joined us nearly an hour later. As I drove him back to London I mentioned something about his keenness. Then it was that he told me that although business prevented his playing more than week-end golf, he frequently devoted the whole of the two days to practice, undiluted by even one round of the course.

That is the American idea. Undoubtedly it pays; this friend of mine plays a scratch game now and first wielded a club three years ago. If any shot goes wrong he goes out after the round and puts it right. I believe I could do that if I were prepared to do the same, and forgo the nineteenth hole.



The American Captain, Walter Hagen, practises at Sandwich for the Ryder Cup Competition to-morrow.

To-Morrow's CUP FINAL

The pros and cons of professional Soccer.

By JOHN ORCHARD.

THE Cup Final resembles the Boat Race and the Derby in its appeal to the universal if sometimes in-expert curiosity of the public. It is true that England *v.* Scotland at Twickenham or Inverleith is productive of fierce enthusiasm, countless friendly wagers and heated arguments, but this annual turbulence is mostly confined to purely Rugged men and their friends. But just as dear old ladies flaunt Cambridge favours under the impression that the Boat Race is won by the crew who row the fastest stroke (there are worse fallacies than this!), or will back Mr. Jinks for this year's Derby because Mr. Jinks is the name of their butcher, so will other dear old ladies, not knowing the difference between a goal-post and a cricket stump, assert to-morrow their preference for Bolton or for Portsmouth.

APPEAL OF THE GAME.

IN many quarters there is a great deal of scorn for "the dribbling code"; and still more scorn for professional Soccer just because it is professional. Yet there must be something to be said in favour of a game that (for its Cup Final) would easily produce a 300,000 gate were a large enough arena available.

As a fact, there is a good deal to be said for professional Soccer. It provides hundreds of thousands of working men (and most of us are that) with an example of manly endeavour and physical fitness; moreover, it keeps them in the open air every Saturday when for the most part they would have no other outdoor alternative.

Without this game of Soccer, what else would they be likely to do? Probably visit "the pictures," play billiards or go to sleep. Watching two first-class teams striving every ounce, exploiting every art and, by their own control and that of the referee, employing fair methods in doing so, is surely a preferable occupation both morally and physically.

WELL ORGANISED AND CONTROLLED.

THE two chief charges levelled against professional Soccer are betting, which is not heavy enough to be vicious; and the fact that players are paid for their services and are bought and sold in open market. Well, for that matter, so are the assets of any other business, and professional Soccer is admittedly a business concern that provides public entertainment for profit.

It is indisputable that the game is well organised and controlled, and that in the main

it is played in a clean spirit. There are black sheep in Soccer just as there are in the Church; and there exist certain characteristics to which the anti-Soccerite objects (such as disputing the referee's ruling) which cannot be eliminated too soon, but these are merely lesser branches that will one day be pruned or lopped off altogether.

The main tree is healthy. The professional footballer in himself is just as good a fellow as the professional billiard player or any professional man.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE NORTH.

THERE is an additional interest in this year's Cup Final in the fact that a southern team meets one from the all-conquering North. Although I am a Southron I must admit that there is ample and annual proof of the ascendancy of the North in almost all games.

For some time we have grown accustomed to the idea that the cricket championship has become the monopoly of Lancashire or Yorkshire; last year Yorkshire won the Rugby County Championship; last season's Cup Final was between Blackburn (Lancashire) and Huddersfield (Yorkshire); in

the thirty-seven years of its history the League Championship has never been won by a club from the South—last year it was Lancashire, this year Yorkshire; only one Southern club player figured in England's great match of the year against Scotland. And just because of this Northern superiority, this reputed and probably actual possession of greater hardiness, we of the South are hoping to see or listen in to, or read of Portsmouth's triumph to-morrow.

The newspapers tell us that Bolton are red-hot favourites and, barring accidents, are bound to win; and that Portsmouth are a lucky team. Those who share these opinions should beware of being over-positive. Portsmouth was "tipped" in these columns as long ago as last October. They are an admirable, well-balanced, young and enthusiastic team, one of the very best in the country. Moreover, they are just



The winners with the Cup. Holding the Cup, R. T. Wade (Capt.) on right of cup, R. C. Dellow (centre-forward).

settling down to play their best football.

In Gilfillan they possess a goalkeeper of quality; their backs are experienced; their halves above average, with McIlwaine, the captain, a tower of strength in the centre; their forwards are fast and aggressive. With a fair share of that luck that is part and parcel of all games and with their centre-forward (there's a possible weakness here) in anything like his best form, Portsmouth on form should have nothing to fear from Bolton.

I do not say that Bolton's favouritism is not justified; I am certainly not partisan enough to risk a wager on Portsmouth at even money. But I do say that in spite of Bolton's greater experience of first-class football, in spite of the fact that they have twice won the Cup since the Final has been played at Wembley, in spite of the fact that they possess a veritable sheet-anchor in England's centre-half, Seddon—anyone who is offered five to two or three to one against Portsmouth is obtaining a better price than the circumstances warrant.

As an impartial journalist, I can only say good luck to both teams.



The Amateur Cup Final at Highbury. Ilford won the Cup defeating Leyton by 3 goals to 1.

Finance & City Section

YOU and your MONEY

By A. G. Walsh

SHOULD capital be invested in one security, or should it be divided? Modest savings, for reasons which I shall explain further on, are better put in a single security. If the amount happens to be fairly large and the intention is to seek a generous return, it is obviously unsafe to place all one's money in a single venture.

Every stock or share, no matter what may be its nature, contains a risk, varying, of course, in degree. The general decline, since pre-war days, in the values of gilt-edged investments indicates how a change in economic conditions can bring about depreciation of capital. It is plain, therefore, that money to be well invested, should be split up into portions.

WHAT IS SAFE INVESTMENT?

NOW, safe investment resolves itself into the task of so blending and balancing against each other the securities held that no single occurrence or combination of circumstances can affect simultaneously all or a considerable number of them. But it is not enough that capital be spread over several securities; the soundness of the principle lies in its application.

The investor who had confidence in the prospects of the heavy industries and backed his faith by putting his money in half-a-dozen iron and steel companies, might find in the event of a general engineering strike, that his principle of spreading risks was all wrong. One single occurrence—a strike—would most probably affect all his shares, but it would not influence industries remote from the engineering.

When capital is invested in commercial enterprise, whether it be in engineering, catering, oil or rubber, care should be taken to see that the investment will be subject to a different set of influences, which cause them to rise and fall in value. An ideal way of spreading risks, when investing in ordinary shares, is to choose those each subject to a different set of external influences, after first satisfying yourself that the near prospects of the companies concerned are good.

SOME EXAMPLES.

IT is a truism that investment-success is absolutely dependent upon the right kind of securities being selected. In my introductory article, in the first number of BRITANNIA, I urged all investors to place a part of their capital in gilt-edged securities such as War loan, Conversion and similar loans, "trustee" stocks, Savings Certificates and the securities of sound building societies.

If you follow out that principle you will have the equivalent of a "cash reserve" for any emergencies that may arise. Securities of the type mentioned above, so long as international peace prevails, are unlikely to depreciate to any extent. They are readily realisable and your banker will grant an overdraft against them readily.

Supposing you already have invested a part

of your savings wisely and well, and you seek a return of between 6 and 7 per cent. on the balance. You rightly argue, perhaps, that having accepted $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent. on your gilt-edged portion, you are entitled to look for a higher return on part of the balance in order to level up your total investment income to an average of 6 per cent., at least. It can be done with reasonable safety.

Adopting my plan of spreading risks by taking up securities, each not liable to the same set of external influences, I would at once choose a few good class foreign bonds. I should select either Argentine, Brazilian or Chilean loans, which can be obtained to yield $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The values of such loans would scarcely be affected by any unfavourable political happenings in Europe.

On the other hand, I should also select one or two European loans, as it is inconceivable that such would be affected by the same factors that might cause depreciation in South American investments.

To carry the argument further neither the European loans nor the South American bonds would suffer permanent depreciation in value by any political changes or industrial factors in this country. I am not suggesting that you should visualise a tour of the world with the object of placing your savings here, there and everywhere.

SAFEGUARDS.

BUT investors who make for safety of capital and income, and have large amounts at their disposal, should distribute their capital in a manner that safeguards them against the mishaps of political influences and the effects of trade cycles.

Having placed a portion of your capital in foreign securities, and, perhaps, in the stocks of some of the British-owned foreign railways, you should consider as to how the remainder should be invested in this country. A few sound preference shares is a desideratum, for, if their dividend is well-covered, the risk of capital depreciation is small.

If you fancy ordinary shares on their dividend prospects, don't do as some investors have done and put your money in one group. I had a case brought to my notice some time ago where an investor placed the bulk of his capital in new artificial silk companies because of the success of Courtaulds. Every share he bought has depreciated.

Examine the prospects of three or four trades and industries, and if you feel satisfied that a bright future lies before them, next select your companies. Unless you desire to speculate, choose established concerns, preferably those with a good dividend record.

Avoid new enterprises, if you cannot afford to accept a risk, particularly those with no satisfactory record behind them.

Don't rush in and buy a share just because you overheard a remark in the train about it. Don't buy it because it has become fashionable without ascertaining how far the price has risen within six months; and, above all, don't buy on a vague tip.

INVESTING SMALL CAPITAL.

MY experience is that people, who have only a limited amount of capital—£200 or so—at their disposal sometimes go the wrong way about investing it. I have had submitted to me for approval a list of half-a-dozen stocks and shares, into which it was proposed to invest £150 in the oddest amounts one can imagine.

Let me at once say, where the amount is not over £100 it is better invested either in a British Government stock, Savings Certificates or with a sound building society. The more securities in which it is invested the more the expense incurred. British Government stocks can be bought through the Post Office Savings Bank at a cost of a few shillings only, while no expense is involved in a purchase of Savings Certificates or a building society investment.

But in buying stocks and shares, there is a broker's commission of at least 10s. on each separate purchase, if the total purchase price is below £100 and above £20; and 5s. if under £20. On top of that is a government stamp duty of £1 per cent. on the transfer (or one shilling for every £5 of the purchase price); and 2s. 6d., being the company's fee for registering the transfer; and other stamps amounting to 6d. or 1s. Thus, if £100 be invested in three different securities each of the three transactions would have to bear the above charges.

Again, I find that many investors do not realise how difficult it is to find a purchaser for a small odd lot of shares. For example, it would be easier to sell 500 Maypole deferred shares at 6s. each than it would be to dispose of 17 shares. The dealer who purchased the 500 could readily dispose of them afterwards in lots of 25, 50 or 100. What probably would happen is that the seller of 17 shares might have to be content with 1½d. or 3d. a share less than the current market price. That would be the inducement to a prospective buyer.

It is only for lots of shares in multiples of 5—that is, 5, 10, 20, 25, 50 or 100, and so on, that marketability is assured and the quoted prices apply only to transactions in such multiples. These are what stockbrokers call "even" lots.

AN INTERNATIONAL BANK SHARE.

MY suggestion as to investing abroad brings to my mind a very desirable overseas bank share, now obtainable to yield 6 per cent. This is the shares of the Anglo-South American Bank, which is controlled from London. In finance the bank links the old world with the new. It has offices at every important business and trading centre in South America, branches in Spain, and, to use its own phrase, gives "a complete international service."

The bank was formed in 1888, and has a wonderful record of prosperity. For several years past dividends of 10 per cent. per annum have been paid, and during the past five years profits have been on an ascending

scale, showing earnings well in excess of the dividends paid. I am hoping that if profits continue to increase the directors will see their way to raise the dividend to 12 per cent., or even add, on top of the current dividend, a small cash bonus of 2 per cent. Mark you, I am not predicting such a change; it is only a sanguine hope.

In their dividend policy the directors are very canny, and in recent years have been utilising large amounts out of profits to write down investments. This, of course, is another way of saying that they have been putting back into the business a portion of the profits.

Although the shares carry a liability, like home bank shares—they are £10 shares with £5 paid up—the probability of this liability being called up is remote. The paid-up capital is £4,367,330, while the reserve fund totals nearly £3½ million.

The shares (£5 paid) can be bought at just under £8 5s. each, and on the basis of a 10 per cent. dividend thus yield about 6 per cent. The great improvement in general business conditions in South America leads me to believe that the bank's profits will increase substantially during the next few years.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES.

THE belief held in responsible City circles that the shares of the Imperial Chemical Industries should prove, in the course of some years, a very profitable investment, is strengthened by Lord Melchett's review of the company's activities. They are widespread and universal. The combine is thus based upon so many foundations that it offers a field of great stability.

So varied are the interests of Imperial Chemical Industries that it is impossible to

conceive that in every part of it things should go badly all at once. In other words, so diverse is its trade that one set of external occurrences of an adverse character could only affect a small part of the great enterprise.

As Lord Melchett rightly pointed out in his speech last week to the shareholders, the fact that the business is so widespread and universal makes it slow to suffer by any falling off in trade and slow to benefit by the improvement of trade. There is a lag both ways, and the best description that can be applied to the combine is that it is an industry of steady progress.

It is for this reason that I have taken the view that the dividends in the early years of the company's career will not be large. All the prosperous and big dividend-paying industrial businesses of to-day had a slow beginning—Courtaulds, Imperial Tobacco, and so forth.

During the next three or four years the progress of Imperial Chemical Industries, if slow, will be sure. I regard the shares as a good progressive investment. There may be no substantial appreciation in them for some little time. Additional ordinary shares, as well as preference shares, are to be offered to existing shareholders at prices below ruling market quotations. Until these shares are fully placed in permanent homes the old shares may be somewhat "sticky" in price.

ARTIFICIAL SILK COMPETITION

IF the British artificial silk industry is to make headway, the overseas markets will have to be nursed carefully. American manufacturers are being told of their possibilities. I have just been reading an American trade journal, which quotes the views of an American sales director who has returned from a world

tour. He evidently made the most of his opportunities, and concludes that South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Japan and China "could all absorb large quantities of American rayon products, if they were properly merchandised."

He does not consider that the tariff in South Africa is sufficiently high to discriminate against American manufacturers, if their goods are of good quality. This, however, is what impressed me: "And once educated into the acceptance of American goods," he says, "there will be no danger of South African merchants accepting something else at a slightly lower price." It would be interesting to have South African views on that statement.

At present the greater part of the piece goods sent to South Africa comes from England and France. The greater part of underwear is Swiss and German of the ladderproof type. That sales director believes that American underwear would enjoy good sales, if it carried a ladderproof guarantee.

THE DUNLOP DIVIDEND.

SO the Dunlop Rubber dividend is to be 5 per cent. less this time. Until the actual announcement was made a large section of the market expressed its confidence that no change would be made. The rate proposed is 20 per cent. as against 25 per cent. last time. The reduction of one shilling per share gross scarcely justifies the heavy decline that has taken place in the value of the shares in recent months.

Expressed in yield at a given price it represents but a moderate reduction. For example, a purchaser of the shares at 26s. 6d. would have received nearly 6½ per cent. on his money had the dividend been maintained at 25 per cent., whereas on the basis of a 20 per



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WHEN A BETTER LOUD-SPEAKER IS MADE—CELESTION WILL
MAKE IT.

FINANCE AND CITY SECTION—(continued.)

cent. distribution his return is 5 per cent. Remember, please, that the par value of the shares is 6s. 8d., and not £1.

Dividends are not always a reliable guide to a company's earnings. In the year 1927 the Dunlop Company's profits represented a shade over 29 per cent. on the ordinary capital. Whether the figure this time will be in excess, or below, the rate of dividend proposed one cannot say. I must await publication of the accounts. At any rate, holders of the ordinary shares would be foolish if they expressed their disappointment by selling the shares below 25s.

RUBBER IN THE FUTURE.

THE chairman of one of the large rubber-growing companies expressed the view the other day that if the rubber industry goes ahead, as it should go ahead, the amount of rubber required by the world "will soon be anything up to 800,000 tons per annum." At the present time all the rubber plantations in the world cannot produce anything like this quantity.

There is every reason to believe that within another year or two the rubber industry will experience a period of renewed prosperity. Investors, who can exercise patience for about a couple of years, should do well out of a purchase of any good class rubber share now. I append a selection of shares, which ought to appreciate in price during the next twelve months:—

Tandjong £1 shares at 40s. A twenty-year old company with a standard production of 2,000,000 lb. of rubber. Last dividend 10 per cent., but 40 per cent. was paid for 1926, in which shares touched 92s.

The £1 shares of Sedenak would be an attractive purchase, when obtainable about 30s. Last dividend was 6½ per cent., but company paid 35 per cent. for 1925-26, on average price of 2s. 0½d. per lb. for its crop. Estate is a low cost producer; this year's costs expected to be 6d. per lb. f.o.b. Big expansion in rubber crop likely. Shares went to over 70s in 1926.

Malay Rubber Planters Company is expected to double its output this year. Last dividend 5 per cent., but 55 per cent. paid for 1925-26 when average price of crop realised 2s. 1d. per lb. The 2s. shares up to 3s. 6d. would be a promising lock-up for a couple of years. Price was 9s. in 1926.

Another share worth attention are Sono-

sekar £1 shares around 25s. This is a Java concern which has acquired a new estate in Malacca. Last dividend was 5 per cent., while 25 per cent. was paid for 1925-26. Shares touched 63s. in 1926.

MIXED CROPS.

QUITE a number of rubber estates grow other crops and for the benefit of readers who would prefer a share of that type a selection of rubber-cum-tea and coffee shares is subjoined.

Eastern Sumatra Rubber has over 2,000 acres under rubber, partly interplanted with tea and partly with coffee. It has thus "three strings to its bow." Company owns one of the best estates in Sumatra. Last dividend was 5 per cent., but 17½ per cent. was paid for 1925-26, when the shares touched 6s. 3d. Now under 3s., the 2s. shares seem undervalued.

Other rubber and coffee-growing companies include Bajoe Kidoel which has made extensive additions to its coffee area. An increase in rubber outputs is likely along with a reduction in costs. Last dividend 10 per cent., while 45 per cent was paid for 1925-26. The £1 shares stand at 49s. against 87s. 6d. in 1926.

"THE VICEROY OF INDIA."

YOUR correspondent writes in glowing terms of the system of electrical propulsion in this ship and then goes on to say, "We cannot, alas, claim this as a British invention."

Is he correct in this statement? In 1911 or 1912, the late Mr. Henry Mavor, of Glasgow, built and equipped a large experimental launch, the *Electric Arc*, which, I understood, at that time, to be the first vessel to be equipped with this form of machinery. I had the honour of being on board the first time she left her moorings, and, although the weather was bad and the machinery new and untried, we spent more than two hours cruising, manoeuvring, and testing in various ways, and no serious defects showed themselves.

The *Electric Arc* was built by Maclaren Bros., of Dumbarton, and they supplied the producer gas engines which formed the prime mover. I believe, but cannot be sure, that, as a result of the tests carried out on this launch, a large cargo boat was built on the Tyne for use on the Canadian lakes.

Under these circumstances, it seems a pity to give all the credit to America. If it is permissible to refer to this form of propulsion as an "invention," it would seem that the credit is due to Mr. Henry Mavor—a Scotsman.—JOHN R. INNES.

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